B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Volume XLI, No. 2 November, 1926

One Evening in May
By Max Robin

The Temple of Sciences
By E. David Goitein

Restricted Immigration in 1926
By Arthur E. Cook

Religion
Berkeley, Cal

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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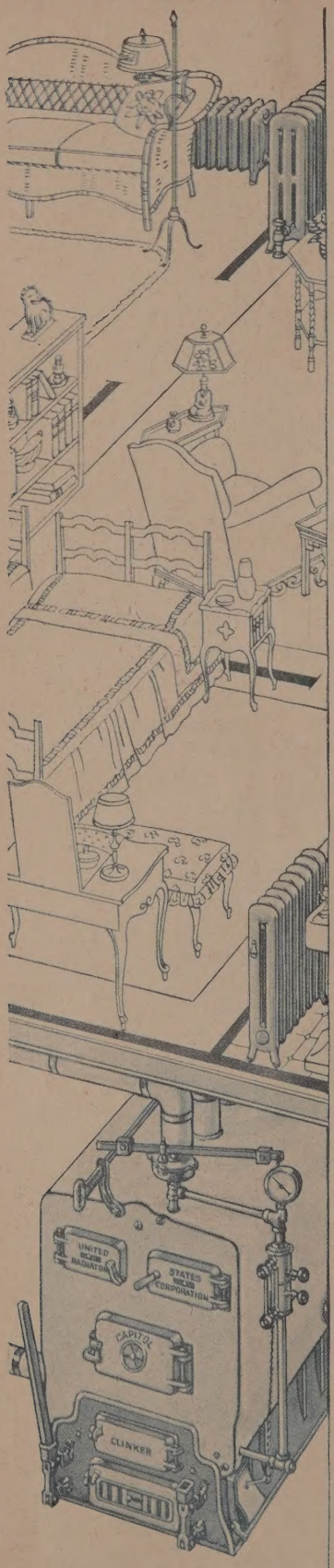

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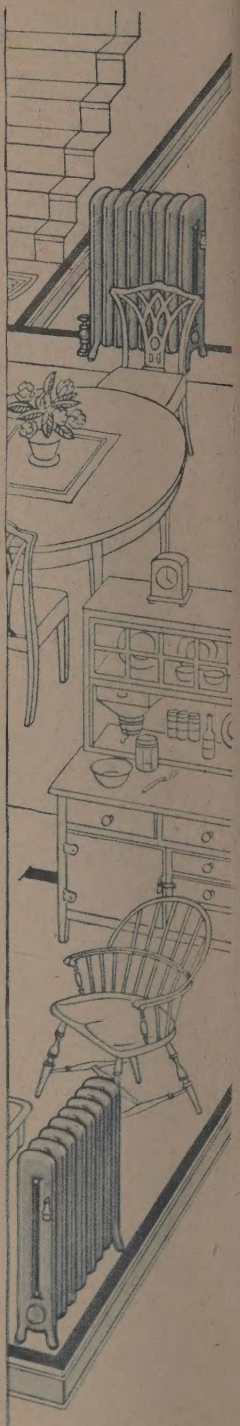

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Our Contributors

¶ MAX ROBIN, of New York, who is known to readers of the better periodicals, has contributed to former issues of THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He has a keen insight into human motives and an innate pity for mankind.

¶ ALFRED A. BENESCH, attorney of Cleveland, is past president of B'nai B'rith District Grand Lodge No. 2, a member of the Cleveland Board of Education, former member of the City Council and Director of Public Safety, and occupies executive positions in numerous other important educational and philanthropic organizations of local and national scope.

¶ ARTHUR E. COOK for a number of years has been connected with the Department of Labor in various capacities having to do with the supervision of immigration. He formerly was secretary to the Secretary of Labor and at one time was a United States consul in Japan.

¶ LEONARD COHEN is a Chicagoan. Formerly secretary to Rabbi Benjamin M. Frankel, National Director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, he now is assistant director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Michigan.

¶ E. DAVID GOITEIN is an English journalist, resident in London. He contributes frequently to the Anglo-Jewish press, and several of his articles giving some of his observations during his travels in the Orient have previously appeared in this magazine.

¶ OSCAR LEONARD is a social worker and journalist. He has been a member of the staff of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, a probation officer of the St. Louis Juvenile Court, Superintendent of the Jewish Educational and Charitable Association and a foreign relief worker. He is a leader in B'nai B'rith social service activities.

¶ SARAH GOLDBERG is a graduate of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and received her master's degree at Columbia University. Her present article is one of a series on Yiddish literature. Others of them have appeared in previous issues of this magazine.

Jewish Calendar 5687

1926		
Rosh Hashonah	Thurs., Sept.	9
	Fri., Sept.	10
Fast of Gedalia	Sun., Sept.	12
Yom Kippur	Sat., Sept.	18
Succoth	Thurs., Sept.	23
	Fri., Sept.	24
Hashana Rabba	Wed., Sept.	29
Shemini Azereth	Thurs., Sept.	30
Simchath Torah	Fri., Oct.	1
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan	Fri., Oct.	9
Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Sun., Nov.	7
First Day of Chanukah	Wed., Dec.	1
Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Mon., Dec.	6
Fast of Tebeth	Wed., Dec.	15
1927		
Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Tues., Jan.	4
Chamishoh Oser B'Shevat	Tues., Jan.	18
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Thurs., Feb.	3
*Rosh Chodesh Adar Sheni	Sat., Mar.	5
Fast of Esther	Thurs., Mar.	17
Purim	Fri., Mar.	18
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Sun., Apr.	3
First Day of Pesach	Sun., Apr.	17
Second Day of Pesach	Mon., Apr.	18
Seventh Day of Pesach	Sat., Apr.	23
Eighth Day of Pesach	Sun., Apr.	24
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Tues., May	3
Lag B'Omer	Fri., May	20
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Wed., June	1

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

**Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.*

In Our Portfolio

¶ OUR PORTFOLIO of articles which will be given early publication, contains a large variety of material. We open it for your inspection.

¶ SARAH GOLDBERG, who previously has written for us on Yiddish literary figures, has produced another chapter—"Poets of Revolution," she calls it. Among the poets are Morris Rosenfeld, David Edelshtadt and I. Bovshover.

¶ "PARADE" is a story of the birth and assertion of Jewish consciousness in youth, told in a unique fashion. Tupper Greenwald is the author. The story will be published shortly.

¶ WRITING OF "MOTZA — A B'nai B'rith Colony" in Palestine, I. A. Abbady says: "Motza . . . assumes historic significance when considered as a link in the long chain of urban and rural development of the Holy City. Its story is one of conquests, of struggle with impossible conditions." The article will be released soon.

¶ A. A. ROBACK, the Harvard professor whose fund of varied information seems unlimited, has written on "Hugo Munsterberg—The Dramatic Figure in Psychology." The article contains a lucid exposition of Munsterberg's system of psychological investigation.

¶ "CAN ORGANIZED RELIGION BE RELIGIOUS" is the interesting title of an article by John W. Herring. "Usually we have confused the church and religion," Mr. Herring writes. "The truth is that a church or a synagogue is no more religion than a college is intelligence."

¶ THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE goes to members of the order for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. Non-members pay one dollar a year. Although the magazine is the official organ of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, subscription to it is not compulsory. Members who do not desire to receive their magazine may relieve themselves of further subscription payments by sending a statement to that effect on their stationery to the editorial office.

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THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLI NOVEMBER, 1926 NUMBER 2

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Articles bearing the names or initials of the writers thereof do not necessarily express the views of the editors of the B'nai B'rith Magazine on the subjects treated therein.

The Pageant of Unity in Chicago

A MONTH after the conference of the United Jewish Campaign in Chicago, which ratified the $25,000,000 goal of the campaign, this is what one remembers best of it: The feet of Jews walking together.

The feet of Jews often have wandered in divers paths, like the feet of the two pilgrims who sought Jerusalem. When they walked together they sustained one another; when they parted, taking different ways to Jerusalem, both became lost and after many days, the weary pilgrims found each other at the place at which they had parted.

Only the oppressors of the Jews have made no distinctions between them and have afflicted all alike. They have not known Zionist from non-Zionist, liberal from orthodox. To the oppressors they have all been Jews; and is it not time that we ourselves become more conscious of our oneness as Jews, with one life, one heart and one mission?

In Chicago we saw the grandeur of Jews marching together. One thought of a pageant with banners that read:

"WE ARE JEWS"
"WE ARE OF ONE HEART"
"WE ARE OF ONE LIFE"

* * *

There may have been differences of opinion; such differences are wholesome and to be desired. But there was that surpassing unity of spirit by which alone Judaism can survive the destructive forces of ease and social well-being in America.

We are concerned with saving the lives of our afflicted co-religionists in Eastern Europe; it is well to think also of saving Jewish life in America and only by the unity of the Jewish spirit, feeling as one, communing as one, can the life be saved.

Thus must we undertake to approach the grave domestic problems of Jewry in America.

* * *

Therefore, the spectacle in Chicago was enheartening. Here were 500 men from all sections of the country, representing varying groups. One orthodox and another of the reform branch; one Zionist and another holding to the view that to be a Jew is to be a member of a religious communion and not of a national group; but all rallying under the banner, "We are Jews."

Though there had been division and recrimination on the matter of Palestine, this conference reiterated and re-stated its pledge of active co-operation in the development of Palestine.

Pride of opinion and prejudice were set aside and men saw singly the good of Israel and arose "solemnly to pledge ourselves to the completion of this holy task in European Russia, Palestine, and every other place where the Jew needs help."

* * *

Important determinations were made, eloquent appeals spoken for the succor of the Jews of Eastern Europe and the aid of Jews in Palestine. But the powerful undertone of the conference was the aspiration for unity in Israel, and the great result was the pledge to serve together in Israel.

One said: "The Jew in America needs unity as much as the Jew in Europe needs bread."

Chanuka and Christmas Celebration

CHANUKA and Christmas fall far apart this year and in between falls the Jew who, in the fact that the two holidays generally come close together, finds justification for celebrating Christmas.

"They are really of one spirit and significance," he likes to say.

This year Chanuka stands by itself in its beauty as a holiday celebrating one of the victories of the human spirit struggling against oppression. It commemorates a triumph of religious liberty and as such marks one of the early stepping stones in the progress of human rights.

Beautiful is the Chanuka candle lamp growing brighter each night; we think of it as the symbol of the light of religious liberty increasing until it fills the hearts of mankind.

To those who like the beautiful glitter of Christmas trees we recommend the beauty of Chanuka lights glowing as the fire of souls loving liberty.

* * *

We Meet Others Bearing Good Gifts

IT IS related that once a good Jew undertook to adorn the house of the rabbi. When he had completed this work, he went his way, rejoicing in its beauty.

Now, as with great satisfaction he made his way homeward, he met others on the road going toward the rabbi's house, bearing gifts with which to adorn it even more.

The good Jew was an unselfish man and far from being aggravated by the sight of others doing what he had done, he was glad and said, "Can we do too much to make beautiful the house of our friend?"

So says B'nai B'rith to those groups that are joining with it in its work to enrich Jewish life. Having announced recently its purpose to serve Jewish home-life by giving gifts of Jewish significance to its members on their festal occasions, B'nai B'rith now is glad to see that B'rith Sholom will hereafter present appropriate gifts to the sons of its members on the occasion of Bar Mitzva and that the women's group of the Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations is distributing booklets of instruction for Jewish observance in the home.

B'nai B'rith says to them: "We can not do too much to make beautiful the house of Israel in America from which much of the olden beauty has vanished."

* * *

The Birthday of Justice Louis Brandeis

WE address Justice Louis Brandeis on the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of his birth which occurs this month.

"Not only because your greatness has served to exalt the house of Israel do we give you our tributes, but because you have served well the nation.

"You were the counsel of the public when you could have served yourself better as the legal representative of corporate interests. To public causes you gave your great talents. In your eminent place on the bench of the Supreme Court you have brought social vision to the interpretation of our laws, holding up a new light.

"In behalf of the public we thank you and extend to you our wishes for many more years of fine usefulness."

Respectful Suggestions for a Queen

THIS magazine extends greetings to that distinguished lady, the Queen of Roumania, from which land have come many who are now Americans to seek freedom, equal opportunity and happiness.

As she goes about our land, she will, doubtless, enjoy many opportunities to observe the good part the Jew plays in the civil, cultural, professional and business life of the country. In the city of Cincinnati her official host will be a Jew—Mayor Murray Seasongood.

May we suggest for the benefit of Her Majesty a brief outline of a report she might make to her people on this phase of her observations:

"In our own Roumania the Jews are a grave problem which many of our people attempt to solve by economic extermination. But in America the Jew is no problem in the least; on the contrary, he contributes much to the solution of the various national problems, for he has a large part in the life of the nation, not as a Jew but as a citizen sharing alike with all other citizens in civil rights.

"Jews were members of the reception committees of the cities that welcomed me. I found them in various high places. They prosper and contribute much to the cultural life of the nation. They give generously of their incomes for the succor of their brethren in Europe, even those of our own land.

"So it occurred to me that the Jew is no problem in a land in which his rights as a man are respected, but, quite the contrary, he is of fine service to the nation. And it may be that in our own land, not the Jew, but rather the folly of our people is the grave problem."

* * *

A Witness for B'nai B'rith in Mexico

DR. S. MARGOSHES, editor of The Day, a Jewish newspaper, lately has been visiting the new Jewish community in Mexico City, and reports thus: "The seven to eight thousand Jewish refugees who have found their way into Mexico are slowly, if laboriously, adjusting themselves to the new environment and are sending for their relatives in Eastern Europe.

"Despite the present economic depression, few Jews leave Mexico and the number of relatives, who are not refugees, entering the country is on the increase. I found a very healthy Jewish community spirit in Mexico. Now that the relief work so splendidly carried on by the B'nai B'rith with limited means, is almost at an end, the Mexican Jews themselves are undertaking to assume their own community responsibilities."

* * *

Degeneration of German Anti-Semites

GERMAN Anti-Semites have adopted the Klan's fiery cross as their emblem.

In the meantime the putrifying corpse of the Klan in Indiana exhales a sickening odor of corruption. Its dragon, serving a life term in the penitentiary for the murder of a woman, and now abandoned by the political scavengers who fed on his power, desires now to tell what he knows.

The real mask of the Klan was not the one it had on its face but the mask of piety it wore to conceal an unspeakable vileness.

The Finding of Abraham's Altar

ARCHAEOLOGISTS in Palestine report that they have excavated the altar of Abraham at Schechem.

But what of the forgotten altars in the homes of Israel in America? Until a few years ago the fires glowed on these altars, illuminating the Jewish home.

The children honored them. The parents were the guardians, insisting upon a faithful adherence by the children to the spirit of the altar. And the beauty of the altar imparted itself to the spirits of the children.

The altar fires were constantly replenished by new Jewish life, steeped in the old traditions, that immigration brought to America.

Now the flow of new life has largely ceased and there is little replenishment of the fires. Too often the children go their own way to altars of pleasure and of higher education. The father too often is in devotion at the altar of his business; the mother at the altar of her social obligations.

And so it goes.

* * *

Kashruth Under the Elms of Harvard

THAT sprightly review, "Time," reports as follows: "On shady Prescott street, Cambridge, Mass., alongside the Harvard Union, back of the Yard and within hearing distance of President Lowell's red brick home, the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations in America opened a cafeteria and dormitory, exclusively for Jewish students, last week. The building, once a private residence, will be operated under the jurisdiction of, among others, Dr. Nathan Isaacs, Harvard Professor of Business Law. Only kosher foods will be served."

And we would add: As a man of excellent piety, President Lowell doubtless will be interested in observing that there are in his school young men who do not stand on the altitudes of the higher learning to look down and scoff at the teaching of their fathers.

* * *

The Jews and the New York Senatorship

RECENTLY a committee of Jews publicly made the charge that a man high in the Democratic party of New York State had decreed that a Jew must not be a candidate for the United States Senatorship in that State. Therefore, they alleged, Carl Sherman, a Jew and a candidate for the senatorial nomination was informed that he must abandon his aspirations on pain of political punishment.

The action of this committee brought protest from at least one Jewish newspaper against this unwarranted mixing of Jews, as Jews, in politics.

We would say this: To seek the election of a Jew because he is a Jew is to serve neither Judaism nor American principles. But certainly Jews are, as citizens, duty bound to protest to the responsible authorities whenever there is evidence that a man has been barred from the enjoyment of his civil rights because he is a Jew. Thus only can these rights be protected.

We must scorn to use the Jewish name for political preferment; but we must never hesitate to make ourselves heard against discriminations affecting Jews and to be sympathetic with men of other faiths or races against whom discriminations are practiced.

Our Debt of Gratitude to the Poor

ONE Jew said to another: "Our poor are a blessing to us. They help to remind us we are Jews. Most of the year I forget I am a Jew. But at a certain time each year I am called upon to serve on a team of a Jewish charity drive. Thus I am reminded that I am a Jew."

All of which is more or less pertinent to that which the Jews of Detroit recently have done. The Jewish charities of Detroit have been and still are in the Community Chest; now the Jewish charities have been combined in a Federation of Jewish Philanthropies "to raise and collect funds, and to distribute and use them for the advancement of the social and cultural welfare of the community, and for the promotion of other philanthropies, and to bring about co-operation among Jewish welfare and relief organizations in Detroit."

Henceforth they will conduct their own campaigns for purposes not included in the budget of the Community Chest. In the interest of good will it is desirable that the Jews combine their charity collections with those of the community; but as a means of helping to keep alive Jewish consciousness the exclusively Jewish philanthropic campaign is to be preferred.

* * *

An Immigrant Who Became a Governor

HE was Simon Bamberger, a member of our Order. In the rock-ribbed Republican and Mormon State of Utah, he, Democrat and Jew, was elected governor.

His was the well-known, oft recurring story. An immigrant and penniless. Hard work, a long struggle and at last success.

It was the distinction of his success that he gained it with no sacrifice of honor, even in the ruthless time in the west when men strove for success at any cost.

A pioneer in Utah, a lonely Jew among strangers, he kept the faith and about him grew the Jewish community of Utah.

Simon Bamberger died last month at the age of 81.

* * *

The Greatness of a Great Physician

SALOMAN EHRMAN was a renowned physician. His fame as an expert on social diseases was world-wide. His biography tells us that his scientific works were translated into all the languages of the western world. He was a professor in the University of Vienna and from many countries physicians came to study under him.

But what interests us in him is the fact that he remained a loyal Jew in a land where conversion often is the price of success. Therein is his greatness. He lived in Austria and was the cultural leader of the Jews of Vienna. A Ben B'rith, he was a charter member of the Vienna Lodge, for 25 years a member of the executive committee of the lodge, editor of the magazine of his district as well as the president of the District Grand Lodge.

His life touched many activities. "Nothing that is human, nothing that is Jewish, is alien to me," he said. He walked with the grandeur of the conscious Jew and died at the age of 72, full of honors in a land hostile to Jews.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religion

PLANS for a world-wide pilgrimage of Jews, Christians and Mohammedans to Palestine, during the Year November 11th, 1928, to November 11th, 1929, were inaugurated by the Palestine Chamber of Commerce at a meeting in New York. The pilgrimage will be an observance of the tenth anniversary of the close of the war.

The opinion was expressed that such a pilgrimage will serve to weld the interests of the three great faiths.

* * *

IN ARIZONA, a young woman and a handful of Jewish boys, fighting their battle against tuberculosis, were forced to enlist the aid of a Catholic priest in order to arrange a Seder.

In the back room of a rickety dance hall, in a midwestern village, a lonely old scholar prepared a half-dozen reluctant boys for Bar Mitzvah.

Taking cognizance of innumerable situations of this kind, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations has appointed Rabbi Babel Benedict Glazer, of New York, to assist the small town Jew in developing his religious life and that of his children.

* * *

THE Women's Branch of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America has issued a pamphlet on "The Sabbath," the first of a group to be entitled "The Jewish Home Series." The purpose of these pamphlets will be to enlighten mothers so that they, in turn, might instruct their children on Jewish subjects.

* * *

THE opening of a students' house and kosher cafeteria at Harvard University is announced by the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, through its Boston branch.

THE creation in the United States of a rabbinical council which would be vested with the authority to interpret Biblical and Talmudic laws in accordance with the requirements of modern times was urged by Professor Chaim Tchernowitz at a recent meeting of the Chavrutha, a New York organization of Jewish intellectuals.

Tchernowitz, who is known in Hebrew literature as "Rav Zair," pointed out that the Sabbath laws must be revised so as not to conflict with such modern inventions as radio, telephone, telegraph and rapid transportation.

Marriage and divorce laws also should be revised, he said.

* * *

PRAISE of Henry Ford for adopting the five-day week for his workmen, is voiced in a statement issued by Dr. Bernard Drachman, president of the Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America.

Reporting on the progress of the Alliance's work, Dr. Drachman said that while Ford cannot be classed as a friend of the Jews, his action on the five-day week may prove to be a worthy example to others.

Social Welfare

CO-OPERATION between leaders of the Zionist organization and of the United Jewish Campaign is now expected as a result of a resolution adopted by the memorable Joint Distribution Conference in Chicago, October 9th and 10th.

The following portion of the resolution, it is believed, will bring about amicable relations between the two groups:

" . . . we urge that the officers and agents of the Joint Distribution Committee and their affiliated and co-operating organizations continue their heroic efforts in European Russia, Palestine and every other place in the world where the Jews need help."

Dissatisfaction on the part of Zionists dated back to the Joint Distribution Committee meeting in Philadelphia two years ago, at which the United Jewish Campaign was inaugurated without mention of help for Palestine.

The resolution adopted in Chicago assumed great significance in the light of statements by Felix M. Warburg, chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee, and Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Relief Committee, who spoke for its adoption.

Dr. Joseph A. Rosen, head of the Agro-Joint in Russia, was assigned to visit Palestine on behalf of the American Joint Distribution Committee and to report on prospects of Palestine colonization.

The conference decided that the fund-raising machinery of the Joint Distribution Committee will continue in operation to secure payment of the pledges made in the United Jewish Campaign, and that there will be further campaigns until the sum of $25,000,000 is raised.

The conference was devoted largely to reports on the various activities of the Committee and the Campaign. These were by Dr. Bernard A. Kahn, European director of the Joint Distribution Committee; Dr. Joseph A. Rosen, Jacob Billikopf, Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, Dr. Ludwig Bernstein, Mrs. Rebekah Kohut, James N. Rosenberg, Dr. Cyrus Adler and Felix M. Warburg.

* * *

JUDGE WILLIAM M. LEWIS, of Philadelphia, has been elected national chairman to head the United Palestine Appeal for $7,500,000 in 1927. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the previous chairman, was elected honorary chairman.

Judge Julian W. Mack and Rabbi B. L. Levinthal were made honorary vice-chairmen. Hermann Conheim was re-elected national treasurer, Emanuel Neumann, chairman of the executive committee and Bernard Stone, executive secretary.

Vice-presidents chosen are Louis Lipsky, Morris Rothenberg, Judge Bernard A. Rosenblatt, Mrs. Irma Lindheim, Rabbi J. Levinson and Dr. David J. Kaliski.

A JEWISH Welfare Federation has been formed in Detroit to co-ordinate Jewish social, cultural, religious and relief work in that city.

The aim of the Federation is stated to be "to raise and collect funds, acquire and hold property by purchase, bequest or otherwise, and to distribute and use the same for the advancement of the social and cultural welfare of the community and for the promotion of other philanthropies and to bring about co-operation among Jewish welfare and relief organizations in Detroit."

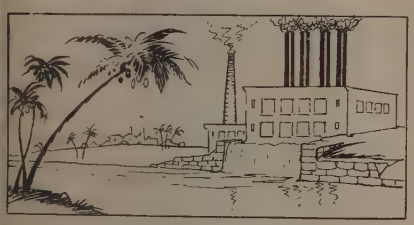
Henry Wineman was chosen provisional president.

* * *

A NATIONAL conference of the American Ort was held in New York October 24th.

Reports of the work of the Ort in Europe were received. These include a report of the work of the Co-operative Tool Supply Company, a branch of the Ort, which has enabled many Jewish families in Russia to go to work by extending them long-time credit.

Foreign



THE financing of the Jordan Hydro-Electric works has been completed and the plant will be put in operation next fall, supplying power and light throughout Palestine. Irrigation of barren lands and the development of new industries will be made possible. Pinchas Ruttenberg, the engineer who originated the plan, has arrived in Palestine to begin work.

* * *

ADDITIONAL lands, comprising the entire free state territory of Jonkoy and Eupatoria, in Crimea, have been set aside by the Russian government for Jewish colonization.

The government has decided to undertake plans to settle 1,000,000 persons on the land. The possibility of declaring Southern Crimea an autonomous Jewish state is being discussed in government circles.

THE numerus clausus, which limits the number of Jewish students who can attend Polish universities, was the cause of the fall of the Bartel government established by the Pilsudski coup, last May, according to a dispatch of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency.

The motion to express lack of confidence in the Minister of Education, Sojkowski, was introduced by the Club of Jewish Deputies because of the continued application of the numerus clausus.

* * *

CHURCH bells of Budapest were used to proclaim an anti-Semitic victory in the municipal elections conducted in the Hungarian capital recently.

Sipoecz, candidate of the anti-Semitic party known as the Race Purifiers, was elected mayor.

Crowds that assembled at the sounding of the bells cried, "Down with the Jews."

* * *

THE Jewish population of France is being amalgamated into an organization known as the United Federation of the Jews in France, which now is in the process of formation.

The organization is to be the legal representative of all the Jews of the country.

Dr. Victor Basch, vice-president of the League of Human Rights, and editor of "L'ere Nouvelle" and "Progress de Lyon," is president of the Federation.

* * *

AN anti-saloon league to suppress liquor traffic may be formed in Palestine, "Pussyfoot" Johnson, English prohibitionist, is quoted as saying to a correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency.

Johnson went to Palestine to study means of introducing the prohibition question in that country.

* * *

DEFINITE efforts to combat the rapidly growing anti-Semitism in Soviet Russia were urged by Lunatcharsky, Soviet Commissar of Education, in an article published in "Emes," the organ of the Jewish Communists.

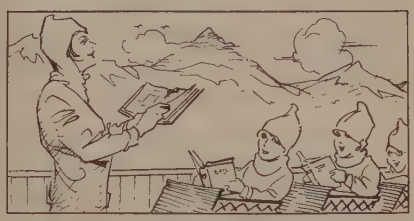
Fear of the Jewish intellect and ability is the cause of anti-Semitism, Lunatcharsky declared.

* * *

JEWISH leaders in Europe were interested in the first Pan-European Congress which was held in Vienna last month. The purpose of the conference was to further a movement for the organization of a United States of Europe, patterned after the United States of America. Such a union could suppress religious and racial prejudice, its sponsors believe.

Messages to the congress were received from Luigi Luzzati, Leon Blum, Georg Brandes, Georg Bernhard, Harry Warburg and Max Reinhardt.

Education



THE third annual graduation exercises of the Joseph E. Shoenberg Memorial Industrial School of the National Jewish Hospital, Denver, were held recently.

The school is distinctive in educational circles in that the students are enabled to continue their education while regaining their health.

The graduating class included three boys and three girls.

* * *

BELIEF in the Jewish origin of Columbus was expressed by Professor Cortecan, of Lisbon, at the International Congress of Americanists in Rome last month.

The Congress is interested in the study of the history and characteristics of various American peoples.

Professors Davidson and Winer of Harvard, were among Jewish delegates to the congress.

* * *

THE vitality of Hebrew is demonstrated by its survival in Soviet Russia despite the efforts of the government to suppress it, Reuben Brainin, American Hebrew writer, said at a reception in his honor in Paris.

Brainin urged the formation of an organization to promote Hebrew culture, claiming that small Hebrew groups, left to themselves, are doomed to failure.

* * *

THE first students' house in Boston for Jewish college girls was dedicated last month. The home is known as "Kenmore Dormitory." It is sponsored by Mrs. Ely Feibelman, president of the League of Jewish Women's Organizations; Mrs. I. K. Prager, director of the National Council of Jewish Women, and Mrs. Gertrude Loew Hydeman, who will serve as "house mother" of the dormitory.

Funds Wanted—Why?

Two-Million Dollar Campaign is Announced by the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee

THE campaign of the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee is unlike any other that has come before the Jewish public. Its aims have not been promoted by any other "drive." It seeks to serve a prosperous, though in a sense, a singularly neglected people—ourselves.

This is a campaign born of a recrudescence of Jewish self-consciousness in America—of a feeling that we are groping on the borderline between a glorious past and a doubtful future. The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, with its finger constantly on the pulse of American Jewish life, has become aware that something must be done about it—immediately.

Hence, the B'nai B'rith has placed in the field over the entire land, a Wider Scope Committee which is interpreting the original aims of the Order in a broader light. Its program is based on the idea that the problem of the Jew in America is one of self-development.

* * *

EVERY year the number of Jewish students enrolled at colleges and universities is increasing. At the same time there is an increase of religious indifference among Jewish youth, which strikes at the basic structure of Judaism in America. The decline of religion with the rise of education is not inevitable.

THE HILLEL FOUNDATIONS which are maintained at four universities by the B'nai B'rith have proved that religion and modern education may supplement each other in producing the highest type of champions for Judaism.

At Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin Universities, Jewish students, who formerly might have been given up as "lost," are seen earnestly, eagerly, seeking the religious atmosphere, the Jewish educational facilities and the companionships that the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations offer. The Hillel Foundation buildings are their clubs, their shrines and their sources of inspiration. The classes and services are always crowded.

And this is the hopeful conclusion that B'nai B'rith has reached after several years of Hillel Foundation work: Far from being indifferent, Jewish students at colleges actually yearn for contacts with their faith. But, at a period of shifting ideals in their lives, they are ignored by their own people. So it is seen that not the students, not Judaism and not the college system, but that the Jews themselves are to blame for the wane of Jewish influence among our youth.

The B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee will meet this situation by establishing Hillel Foundations at all other colleges where there are considerable numbers of Jewish students.

Half of the funds raised by the Wider Scope Committee will be used for B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation.

* * *

AND what of the Jewish youths who do not attend college? They, too, have been permitted to lapse into a state of apathy toward their religious heritage. The B'nai B'rith is equipped to serve them, also. Through its junior order, the ALEPH ZADIK ALEPH, B'nai B'rith is instilling a love for Jewish culture and learning in the hearts of hundreds of young men. Like the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, Aleph Zadik Aleph is preparing young people for service to the Jewish communities in which they live.

* * *

THE B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee asks the question: "After we have placed the treasures of Jewish inspiration before our children, is that enough? Are we, who complain of the lassitude of our Jewish youth—are we, ourselves, culturally equipped to contribute our share to the preservation of the Jewish heritage?"

B'nai B'rith is answering the question by inaugurating a program of cultural advancement among its members, and through them, among the various communities throughout the country. This program aims to impart an intelligent self-understanding, a self-respecting identity, to the adult Jewish population. The success of this venture eventually will be reflected in the attitude of the young, and too, in the attitude of non-Jews toward our people. Anti-Semitism is largely the result of misunderstanding which may be eliminated by well-informed Jews who are able to give their non-Jewish neighbors an intelligent interpretation of Judaism.

In this respect, the cultural program will supplement the work of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League. Previously devoted mainly to defending the Jew against his detractors, the Anti-Defamation League will embark on the more positive plan of disseminating among Christians, information concerning the Jew.

* * *

THE program of the Wider Scope Committee includes also the establishment of a B'nai B'rith Palestine House Building Fund which will cope with

the problem of congestion in Jerusalem and will protect new settlers from real estate speculators.

The new plans further provide for Jewish relief and reconstruction work wherever other agencies are not functioning.

* * *

THE campaign of the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee is not an organization movement, arbitrarily placed before the people. It is an answer to a popular demand.

For a number of years, B'nai B'rith has heard this appeal among American Jews:

"We have given willingly to save our brethren in other parts of the world. But what of us? Who will save us? Are we to preserve the tradition for which our forbears suffered martyrdom, or are we, in our smug creature-comfort, to drift along regardless of whither we are drifting?"

The B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee believes that American Jews want to survive. They are ready for a spiritual renascence. The Wider Scope Campaign partakes of the character of a spiritual renascence.

It is not just another campaign.

Mobilization Started

District Organizations of B'nai B'rith Gather Their Forces for Wider Scope Campaign

THE machinery of the B'nai B'rith organization already moves at full speed toward the launching of the $2,000,000 campaign.

Everywhere strong, self-sacrificing men are found to take up the leadership. An example of this was seen at the meeting of the General Committee of District No. 2 in Cleveland, on October 17. President Alfred M. Cohen and the Executive Secretary, Boris D. Bogen, appeared at various sessions to explain the details of the proposed campaign.

Then the matter of leadership arose. Who would lead the campaign within the district? After much discussion, it was decided to offer the campaign chairmanship of the district to Emil Mayer, a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, and an acknowledged champion of every righteous cause.

Mr. Mayer was reluctant; not that he ever shirks a call to service. But Mr. Mayer had other obligations, business and communal. To undertake this campaign might mean financial loss.

The committee pleaded with him. The great Jewish purposes of the campaign were outlined to him in detail. Brother William Ornstein of Cincinnati made a final eloquent appeal.

And in the end Brother Mayer whole-heartedly accepted the chairmanship.

After Brother Mayer had been formally elected chairman by acclamation, Brother Sidney G. Kusworm, of Dayton, immediately volunteered to act as chairman for the State of Ohio and Brother Edwin J. Schanfarber volunteered as vice-chairman for Ohio.

District No. 3 reports energetic activity for the launching of the campaign. This district under the leadership of Joseph L. Kun has held a conference in Philadelphia. Plans for organizing the states were completed, and the following have accepted the leaderships of their respective territories: Joseph Siegler, Chairman, New Jersey; Leonard S. Levin, Chairman, Charles Kline, Vice-Chairman, Pennsylvania; and Harry Kaufman, Chairman, West Virginia.

* * *

ON October 16th, an enthusiastic conference of District No. 5 took place at Greensboro, N. C., all the states of the district, with the exception of Florida, being represented. Florida's absence was due to the fact that she is very busy recovering from her recent calamity. The chairman of this district is Brother Henry A. Alexander, a man of sterling qualities, a zealous Ben B'rith and a leader in Jewish community effort.

The following men are acting as chairmen and vice-chairmen in the various states: District No. 5, Albert L. Loeb, Chairman, Georgia; Simon E. Sobeloff, Chairman, William A. Goodhart, Vice-Chairman, Maryland; Sidney J. Stern, Chairman, North Carolina; Milton A. Pearlstine, Chairman, South Carolina; William H. Schwartzchild, Chairman, Virginia; E. I. Kaufman, Chairman and Julius Reis, Vice-Chairman, District of Columbia.

District No. 6 reports encouraging progress in the work of organization. The District Conference was held November 7 but already the state of Illinois is organized and preparations are under way for the campaign in the city of Chicago.

Rabbi Louis L. Mann, of Chicago, is chairman of the campaign for Illinois and James G. Becker has consented to serve in a similar capacity for the city of Chicago. David S. Komiss is organizing the states of the District. With leadership so energetic and influential, District No. 6 appears assured of attaining its quota.

* * *

DISTRICT No. 1, of which New York is the center, is directed by Brother Louis W. Osterweis. The organization there is gathering momentum and "the largest Jewish city" is expected to give an excellent account of itself in this campaign.

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AND all of the above is just the beginning of the vast organization that the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee has planned.

Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah

URVA PORAH grows mystical and takes us to a Jewish cemetery with a friend of his who sees visions and talks in parables.

He presents also the letter of a business man who does not talk in parables or see visions, but who feels a great pain at the sight of the soul of Israel torn, for he regards himself a part of it. We invite readers, especially the leaders of Israel, to contribute their opinions to the solution of the problem suggested by Urva Porah.

I KNOW a town in the middle-west in which there are two hills and a road between them. On the one hillside are ranged three Jewish cemeteries; and on the other four.

Here sleep the Russian Jews and there the Poles, and in between, the semi-Reform Germans. Across the road rest a group of ultra-orthodox, a kehillah of the Roumanians, and another of Hungarians, and an unattached group of those who had no congregational affiliations but in death formed a chevra apart.

Now, I have it on the fair authority of a friend that one Yom Kippur night the souls of the dead assembled on one of the hillsides. And, my friend says, the souls shortly ceased to be separate entities but seemed to fuse, one into the other, until they appeared as one great soul that was like a light on the hillside.

"And," he adds, "I could not distinguish the German soul from the Russian soul, or the Roumanian from the Polish soul. They were one great soft light and by this light I beheld the essential unity of the soul of Israel."

* * *

AT last he took courage to speak to it.

"Soul of Israel," he said, "you were many souls and now you are one."

And the soul answered: "Always we were one but we knew it not. We gave ourselves names, and that was the trouble. One called himself Orthodox and another Reform; one called himself Zionist and another anti-Zionist, and because we had different names we imagined we were alien to one another. Released from our bodies we fuse quite naturally, as you see, for Israel is one soul. I am the soul of Israel."

* * *

THE next evening he attended a Jewish meeting whose purpose was to buy shoes for certain Jewish children who were badly in need of them.

All agreed that the children must have shoes and many were the expressions of pity; but violent controversy arose over the style of the shoes to be bought and distributed.

One demanded high boots and another low ones; one said leather heels were the best and another wanted rubber ones.

And each advocate argued bitterly for his favorite style until they forgot altogether the purpose for which they had assembled, and took steps to disperse.

"But gentlemen," my friend exclaimed, "the children need shoes."

"We must settle this argument first," they answered him.

"But my friends," he urged, "you are agreed on the main thing, that the children need shoes. Your pity is one. Your souls are one. The soul of Israel is one. I know it. I have seen it. It is one soul. . . ."

They looked at him as at one who was bereft of reason, and went their ways.

* * *

I DO not vouch for this story. My friend is given to dreaming. He likes to speak in parables.

This reminds me of another dreamer—a business man. He was in the club car of the Golden State Limited recently, musing on the ways of Israel.

He, like my friend, feels the essential unity of the soul of Israel and it gives him a pain when the soul of Israel attempts to scatter itself in vain pursuit of unimportant things.

He sat in the club car and mused upon this sad tendency in Israel; then, emerging from his musings, he called the train stenographer and addressed an identical letter to a number of the leading Jews of America.

This is a copy of it:

* * *

DEAR MR.....: Something I thought about, as I sat in the club car—a queer place to think about such things, but anyhow I want to pass the thought on to you.

I was thinking about us—about the Jews of America.

All the world thinks—and nothing that we say or do will convince the world to the contrary—all the world thinks we are a tightly, strongly organized body working for some common cause in unison and determination.

As a matter of fact, the situation is otherwise: Here we are, say 4,000,000 in America, a mere handful, so to speak, in a population of 110,000,000 or more, and there doesn't seem to be a single thing in the world on which we can agree. Clashing seems to be about the best thing we do.

It's perfectly all right for people to disagree. Friction—wholesome friction—makes life. In other words, disagreements about issues, about fundamental questions are healthy. They develop the truth. But this business of calling names, impugning character, questioning motives—what earthly good does that do to any cause; what benefit do the Jewish people derive from it?

That's no way for a serious people, for a self-respecting people, clamorous for the respect of the rest of the world, to act. It makes us look silly in the eyes of the rest of the world, it makes us look silly in our own eyes. It frustrates, it defeats the efforts so many of us are making, or would like to make, to solve the big questions that confront us as Jews.

There must be a way to make it possible for the Jews of the country to act in unison on matters of religion, of philanthropy, of immigration, of education and other vital Jewish matters—there must be a common platform on which we could ultimately unite, somebody with whom he could co-operate and end the present humiliating disastrous chaos.

A queer line of thought for a lone Jew in a club car—but aren't we Jews a queer people?

Sincerely,

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* * *

HE received a vast number of letters in reply, and they indicated that a large section of the leadership of Israel feels the same pain he does. But one answered lightly: "Judging from your letter of September 25, I should say the club car did not agree with you. Try a day coach or a sleeper the next time you travel."

But Israel, age-long traveler though he is, cannot rest comfortably even in the sleeper with his soul torn in many parts.

Our Grown-Up World

By Joel Blau

OUR world may be summed up in just one phrase: it is a grown-up world. At last we have grown up. We are mature. It took us a long time, but at length we are out of our swaddling clothes. We have cut our wisdom teeth, and we have left a long way behind us the fevers and follies of our youth. By "we" I mean of course Mankind at large. I mean the ruling spirit of the race at this time and in this generation. There may be individuals and groups of individuals—perhaps entire nations—that do not come up to this description; of whom it may not be said that they have thoroughly matured; but these exceptions cannot weaken the force of the statement that, by and large, the spirit of mankind today is a grown-up spirit; that its attitude towards the problems of human life, towards the impact of the universal life itself, is a grown-up attitude. There may be here and there forty-year old shoulders carrying four-year old heads, but on the whole their number is lessening and there is no likelihood of their increasing. There is no likelihood of the world slipping back into childhood, first or second. For good and ill, we have definitely grown up.

What the contributing causes of this state of maturity are would be difficult to set forth. There were many and they would have to be traced back to hoary antiquity. All processes of ripening are slow, if their results are to endure. Gourds spring up in a night only to perish in a night. Grapes ripen on solitary mountain slopes nursed by all the winds of heaven, and there is no power that can speed up nature's deliberate pace. Men, too, ripen in a like slow fashion: the great man is often the last result of a chain of antecedent causes scarcely traceable. Abraham Lincoln was not really born in his paternal log cabin. Nevertheless, when you deal with men, with living souls, the process of nature is soon found not to be quite adequate to explain the changes they undergo, or the rate those changes proceed at. Men are just a little more than aggregations of atoms ruled by a bit of elementary chemistry. They are not just "forked radishes," as we in our exaggerated American humor are wont to say. And if, according to Nietzsche, we are "half plant, half ghost," it so happens that our ghost half is the better half, and the latter has its own laws, its own silent wisdom, or, as Emerson puts it, "wise silence."

And so it happens that the slow ripening process which suits the plant gives suddenly way to a rapid rate of movement which brings the ghost rather appreciably forward, and we know that we are in the presence of a creative force impatiently at work—of something "emergent," to use the latest biological slang. Men and nations may be shocked into maturity by some overwhelming event, an upheaval of the individual and the national life. There is no doubt that the world war acted in this wise: as a dynamic impact which brought latent forces to the surface and hastened the maturing process that had been going on quietly and all too slowly in the recesses of the race soul. Men could not pass through the gruelling experiences of the war without a new understanding dawning in their minds, whilst all their faculties awakened to a new realization of their own potency. When youths were suddenly called upon to acquit themselves as men, men could not remain in their old immature state and acquit themselves as youths. Nay more: there is a strong suspicion in the world today that the really mature persons in our age are those who, during the war, were children or growing lads, while the children with childish minds and childish outlook are those greybeards or greyheads who during the war had reached middle age or so. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the war did bring about a sudden maturing of the collective spirit of man.

The very disenchantments following upon the war, of which so many complaints were made, helped this maturing process. What the hopes of the war could not accomplish the failures of the war—or rather of the peace—did achieve. And while these disenchantments were undoubtedly unsettling to many minds, still, they had this compensation to offer, that they helped us reach our present grown-up state. Much futile idealism went into the discard through the profound frustration of men's hopes: all the better. The sort of idealism which is impotent; which fails in courage and stamina; which represents but an emotional luxuriation giving rise to false optimism, had better go. It does greater harm than good. It is not sufficiently sober to serve as an educational factor in the common life. It fails inasmuch as it hides, rather than reveals the realities of a situation. And the war and its frustration have precisely in this respect been serviceable to mankind—they have opened human eyes to the sober truths of the human situation. Some of us grew up, as it were, overnight, yet our wisdom has nothing gourd-like, nothing immature or half-baked about it. Nor is ours a crass realism. We are simply resolved not to be fooled or frightened any more. We want to live and act by clear knowledge alone. The dim idealities we have not forgotten, only we want to check these up with the grim realities. We dream as much as our forebears did; only better. We dream of a better world without closing our eyes to the actual world in which we live. We know that the raw materials for that better world are to be found lying about us. We are not looking for a doubtful realm of bliss in an supposititious fairy-land. Ours is an upstanding attitude. We face the world four-square; we confront the universe as *men*: we accept its phenomena—among which the treachery and weakness of men are to be reckoned no less than quakes and plagues—without fear and trembling, recognizing in each a challenge to our manhood rather than an occasion for a lame justification of the gods. They are not there and we are here face to face with them. But there is a difference. They are as they always have been, unaltered. But we have altered. We are not the same. At last we have grown-up.

II

THERE are two or three definite signs which argue the general maturity of mankind. The first has already been intimated. It is that Man has at last overcome fear. This four-square, upstanding attitude which causes man to face the world unafraid is probably the chief characteristic of the modern man. There is no doubt that much of fear entered into the thinking and the general attitude of man in primitive times. Primitive man peopled the universe with demons and hobgoblins of one sort or another and he lived in continuous fear of them.

His religious rites were mainly directed at banishing the ghosts which he imagined were lurking everywhere. His science and his religion were all lumped together in the magic he practiced; and these were all fear-inspired. The modern man knows nothing of those dark beings, and although he knows that the universe can wear a threatening, sinister aspect, he is not guided by fear. Terror itself has no terror for him.

I would like to know at what point in the development of man did fear enter his heart. In the usual treatment of the subject early man is represented as a creature whose ruling emotion is fear. I accept this with certain reservations. At least I have my doubts as to fear being the earliest and most natural reaction of primitive man to the impact of the universe. I cannot back up my doubts with scientific proofs, I leave that to the anthropologists. But it seems to me that Fear is already a sophisticated emotion, requiring a certain amount of knowledge—if incorrect knowledge; it does not appear possible that Fear is a primary and spontaneous feeling; we cannot be afraid until we know that there is something to be afraid of. That the object of our fear may be imaginary is beside the point. Children do not fear so much, unless fear is put into them by their elders. A child might poke its finger into the fire, simply because it does not know that fire burns and causes pain; and I doubt if a child would of its own accord be afraid in the dark unless previously told by the nurse that there are bogies waiting to eat it up. Children impress one as moving about in a carefree fashion simply because they do not know of the many dangers that threaten human beings. The matter is important when we consider the question of the origin of religion. It has been assumed that the origin of religion is Fear; but, in spite of the fact that primitive rites tend to confirm this assumption, I think that it has been assumed too lightly. If the analogy from children has any validity at all, then primitive religion must have become tinged with fear only after man knew enough to be afraid; after he reached a certain advanced stage in his development. If he had any religion at all in his earlier, childlike stage, it may have been conceivably free of fear.

Many modern attacks on religion, on the part of intellectuals both Jewish and non-Jewish, are based on the supposed fact that religion is born of fear. Hence, it is argued, since modern man has cast out fear, he must cast out faith, he must reject religion. The argument is fallacious: for, even if it were granted that religion originated in fear, origin never invalidates subsequent results. Be the past of religion what it may, it does not prove religion worthless in the present. Open Prof. Watson's lectures on Behaviorism and almost the first statement which greets you is something like this (I am quoting from memory): "Primitive man stepped on a twig and as the dry wood crackled he was instantly seized with fear, and in that instant religion was born!" One cannot read such a statement without irritation. So, religion, with all its power to move men to heroic action, with all its complex of personal and social emotions which in their aggregate often assume the proportions of a universal, a cosmic consciousness, is born of the chance crackling of a twig, and is worth no more than the snapping of a dry branch! Absurd.

It has always seemed to me that the conventional description of the relation between early man and the universe had in it the same exaggeration as the description of the relation between early man and his mate. The Caveman is supposed to have gone after the mate desired by him with a club, whilst she—the Cave-woman—is represented as fleeing from him in terror. Then someone asked: What about the Cave-woman—did she really fear the Caveman, did she not wait around the corner for him? And then the whole theory burst in a laugh. Today you can come across the Caveman theory only in motion pictures. Similarly the relation between the primitive man and the universe is represented as being based on fear on his side and on perceived hostility on the part of the universe. But can't it be, nay, is it not more likely, that our first ancestors, moving about in this world with the naive unconcern of little children, faced the world in confidence and without fear? Was there not in the world, such as they knew it to be, some lure that called to them and to which they responded in trust? And may it not be that the first impulse to religion was given by this lure, which yielded to stalking terror only afterwards when man knew enough about the universe to fear it?

We may never find out at what point fear entered the heart of man; but enter it did and its signs are still observable in many a religion. What peculiar form this may take may be seen in the religious teaching, as in Christianity for instance, that this world is a vale of tears and that our real home is not here but behind the pearly gates of paradise. But to say of the earth that it is a vale of tears is tantamount to saying that it is a vale of fears: it is the very opposite of the trustful attitude that readily accepts the world as a place for men to live in. And the grown-up man of today accepts the world as a place fit for grown-up persons, for mature souls. Even if it were true that here sundry terrors stalk abroad; that the whole universal order defied him and mocked at his aspiration, he would nevertheless, in the very teeth of this universal hostility, "carry on." He would "go over the top," even if it meant the top of the world.

III

ANOTHER sign of the maturity of man in this day is his intense consciousness. If it is true that the earliest attitude of man toward the universe was one of trust, the latter-day trustfulness of man would appear to be a return to a primitive condition. But even so, the difference would be great. The early trust of man may have been instinctive, naive, antecedent to knowledge. The latter-day trust of man is conscious, is consequent upon and the result of knowledge. Moreover, if the incomplete knowledge of primitive man gave rise to fear, the greater knowledge of modern man gives rise to faith. Modern man, moving on a high level of consciousness, surveying the whole panorama of existence that lies before him by means of the intellectual tools consciously developed by himself, has found, or at least is in the process of finding out the worst that can be known about the world he lives in; and knowing the worst, and confident—though not over-confident—of the best, he resolutely faces the dark places of the earth, never for a moment wavering in his determination to make himself at home in this gloomy-glorious abode where such a wonderful opportunity is given him to express his immortal spirit. This home-feeling is no longer naive: it is knowing, and therefore all the more noble. Naiveté has altogether gone out of the world; we must not look for it among grown-up folk: but the charm of naiveté will not be missed where its place is taken by the greater attraction of knowledge.

So, by the power of knowledge man has moved from fearing the world to feeling at home in it. Consciously and with clear sight has he moved from the Conquest of Fear to the Conquest of the Earth and all that

is in it. To this is due the intense preoccupation of the modern man with science. In science he saw the key to his mastery of the world. Mystery and mastery, as he thought, were natural opposites: the less mystery about the universe the greater his mastery of the universe. The late war has shown to what extent this exaggerated confidence in the possibilities of the material mastery of the world may lead to disaster. Knowledge of the resources of nature has made man, if anything, a more destructive being than he had ever been. We awoke to the fact that the one kind of knowledge we supremely need is not so much knowledge of brute nature as knowledge of human nature. As long as man merely masters nature, without mastering himself, indeed without knowing himself—his own passions and desires; the secret defences he builds about his inner being so that he himself can scarcely penetrate into the hell he bears in his own bosom—he will always be apt to plunge humanity into misery and bloodshed on the same vast scale as evidenced in the great war. Self-knowledge is the supreme need of the human race. From self-discovery alone can mankind move to self-recovery.

Accordingly, the third sign of modern man's maturity is his intense Self-consciousness. I doubt if there has ever been a time in history when man displayed so much self-consciousness—of the nobler sort—as he does today. He is intensely curious about himself as he has never been before. He suddenly awoke to the fact that there existed a humiliating discrepancy between his knowledge of nature, of his environment that is, and his knowledge of self. He has been advancing at a stupendous rate in the direction of the former; he has not made a similar advance in the direction of the latter. And I take it to be an outstanding sign of his maturity that man today is determined to make up for the latter deficiency as rapidly as possible. The saying that the chief study of man is man, has indeed received a new meaning.

I take it that this enhanced interest of man in himself is co-incident with a shift of interest in yet another direction. We who are heirs to the evolutionary thought of the last century have accepted without criticism the doctrine that the environment moulds the individual. We have ascribed to environment a creative role we had formerly attributed to the Old-Man in the sky. A new God: all-powerful environment! And, so long as this doctrine seemed satisfactory, no one questioned it. Environment created everything, from the neck of a giraffe to the nose of an elephant. But, happily, scientific thought has now definitely veered about to the consideration of the individual evolving under the spell of the environment. The individual, unique and constant, must have some share in the process of development; and who knows but his may be the greater creative role. Now, as long as scientific knees worshipped unquestioningly the God Environment, assigning to it the pre-eminent part in the business of creation, it was easily intelligible that man's environment — Nature — was studied in the hope that once this omnipotent God is brought under control (when did man not hope to control his Gods?), the earth might be turned into the Utopia, the Good-land, of his fondest dreams. Presently, however, as the individual began to loom up rather promisingly on the horizon, with a corresponding decline of the prestige of Environment, attention began to be concentrated on the study of man, he being the true god whom it were good to control. Even if the most sanguine expectations regarding the control of the external God—Nature—were to be fulfilled, it was seen that unless this Inner God—Human Nature or Human Personality—were subdued the longed-for Utopia could not be realized. The business of the Taming of the God had really to begin from within rather than from without. And the inside work was to be accomplished by the same means as the outside job. By knowledge. Man was to know thoroughly the stuff he is made of; a new meaning was to be lent to the Shakespearean phrase that we are such stuff as dreams are made on. Hence the keen contemporary interest in psychology of the new and newest variety; in history and sociology. These are to help man to self-discovery and self-recovery.

But, probably nowhere else is man's self-consciousness so evident as in modern fiction with its prevalently analytical, psychologising tone. This probing into the hidden recesses of human motives; this laying bare of the heaven-and-hell man bears in his own bosom—particularly of the hell; this conjuring up of weird ghosts out of the lost depths, is symptomatic of our times as nothing else. It appears a bit uneasy, a bit hectic; here and there it verges on the morbid: but at the core of it there is something healthy and strong—man's desire to know himself. And here too, appears the mature conquest of fear: man would face and banish, unafraid, the ghosts resident in him, even as he is resolved to face and banish the ghosts wherewith primitive man peopled the empty outlying spaces of the world. In all this, a newly-awakened sense of the values of Personality animates him. Personality he knows now to be the greatest word in his bright vocabulary; the last product of history for which all the ages are filled with a terrible groaning.

IV

I MUST sum up, unless this article is to grow to undue length. No doubt other marks of maturity might be enumerated, but they would all, including those described above, be susceptible of being subsummed, in the last result, under two heads. These are: the realism and the humanism of the mod ern outlook. The realism, which readily accepts this world, here and now, as the true home of man, or which, to say the least, is resolved to build this world into such a home regardless of all pessimism, religious or scientific. The humanism, which places the chief emphasis upon man, upon man's uniqueness, and finds in human nature, in its thoughtful control, the key to the last solution of the problem of existence. These two constituent elements may be said to compose the Grown-up Religion of Modern man. The two Despairs—despair of earth and despair of man—are definitely given up, and their place is taken by the confidence that both the resources of universal nature and of human nature can be decently exploited in furtherance of the Cause of the Good. The twin shadow which for so many centuries has darkened the face of life is growing lighter: ultimately it will be dissipated entirely.

Well, if the foregoing analysis is correct; and if, in spite of what the Spenglers say, it may rightly be maintained that man has reached maturity at last: what existing religion may be declared to suit the grown-up mind of man? What existing religion contains the two chief component elements of the Grown-up Religion of modern man, as here set forth, with the least possible abridgment? And if one is interested in the Jewish religion and in the Jewish life, will he not anxiously examine them for these criteria of maturity? Does the Jewish religion, as such, possess them? Does the Jew-

(*Concluded on page* 65)

Restricted Immigration In 1926

By Arthur E. Cook

TWO years have passed since the Immigration Act of 1924 became effective, and students of immigration problems are turning to the results of this latest restrictive legislation in an endeavor to determine not only how effective it has been, but to what extent the present law has decreased the hardships which arose under the original limitation plan.

Arthur E. Cook

It is not necessary to review the conditions which prompted the numerical limitation of immigration in 1921. That would involve a review, not only of our own economic situation at the close of the World War, but an analysis of political and economic upheavals in all the countries which participated in that struggle.

The first Immigration Law, in 1921, brought many unforeseen hardships. Everybody loves a race, but no one anticipated the scale upon which racing would be indulged in as a result of that law. It was comparable only to the land rushes of the old days when, at the shot of a gun, a veritable army raced madly for a coveted homesite. In those races individual fitness or ingenuity counted for something, while the immigrants on a ship were at the mercy of the carriers, the ships themselves. It was a foregone conclusion that many were bound to lose. Every first day of the month until the Act of 1924 became effective, ocean greyhounds raced into port in the hope that they might beat the others to it. In some cases a single ship brought more than a sufficient number of immigrants to exhaust a particular quota. Thousands were victims of unscrupulous manipulators.

The Immigration Act of 1924 has put an end to the hardships experienced by immigrants upon being turned back as in excess of the quota. The only possible hardship of that character which can arise at present is in cases of immigrants who deliberately mis-state their purpose in coming to America, claiming it to be one of travel. Despite the many warnings which have been issued, there are still many persons abroad who believe that if they can gain admission to the United States, no matter how, they can remain undetected, or their temporary status can be changed to a permanent one. It therefore sometimes happens that an alien who desires to come to the United States for permanent residence declares under oath to an American Consul abroad that he is coming to the United States only to visit, but after his arrival he leaves no stone unturned in efforts to remain. One of the distinguishing features of the 1924 Immigration Act is the requirement that an alien maintain the status under which he is admitted—if as a visitor, that he return within a reasonable time.

When an alien receives a regular immigration visa from an American Consul, whether he be entitled to non-quota or quota status, he is practically sure that so far as the quota limitation is concerned, he will not be excluded. When for the purpose of securing a non-quota status the alien mis-represents himself to the American Consul, of course he will be excluded, but this is not the fault of the immigration law, but of the alien himself.

Another point of difference between the previous immigration acts and the present one is the clause which now confines the geographical non-quota status exclusively to native-born inhabitants of Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, the Canal Zone, and the independent countries of Central and South America.

Under the first Act the right to a non-quota status could be acquired by mere residence in these territories, but at present that status is contingent upon birth. There is much misinformation on this point, and strange as it might seem, those who are most vitally affected apparently shun information from authentic sources. Instead of communicating with American Consuls, with the Department of Labor, or with immigration officers, directly, some prefer to be guided by hearsay, or are inveigled into parting with their money on the promises of professional smugglers who assure them that they will be able to gain admission into the United States from nearby territory.

During the last fiscal year, while the number of persons turned back at American seaports was considerably lessened, being only 2,077 for all Atlantic ports, the number rejected along the borders was 17,563. The principal reason for rejection was failure to have the immigration visa required under the present law. Persons who actually gained admission and were later deported when it was found that they did not have proper immigration visas numbered 4,582.

Ever since Hon. James J. Davis has been Secretary of Labor he has been deeply concerned over the plight of immigrants who left their homes, sold most of their belongings and made a three to ten thousand mile journey, only to find that they could not gain admission into the country which they intended to make their future home. He has advocated a system of examination abroad which would practically assure all immigrants before leaving their homes that they would or would not be eligible for admission upon arrival at an American port. Many students of the problem said that no such system could be made to work because, they argued, foreign governments would not permit any kind of selection of immigration upon their territory. Secretary Davis was certain that some plan could be evolved and under the Act of 1924, which gave authority to American Consuls to refuse visas to persons whom they believed to be inadmissible, he did succeed in establishing a workable system. Foreign governments, for the most part, are interested in their natives no matter in what part of the world they may reside. They are particularly interested in being assured that when a family has left with all its possessions, it will not be returned minus the wealth which it took out. As an experiment, the governments of Great Britain and the Irish Free State agreed to permit prospective immigrants to the United States to be examined by competent inspectors of the immigration and public health service before visas were granted by American Consuls. While aliens passing these tests receive another examination upon arrival at a United States port, the great element of chance has been removed. So well did the experiment work out that at the request of numerous other governments it was extended to the continent of Europe. Germany, Holland, Belgium, Poland and the

Scandinavian countries are now receiving this service.

The present restrictive act was designed to facilitate the reunion of families while maintaining the principle of numerical limitation. This is accomplished by granting non-quota status to the wives and unmarried children under 18 years of age, of American citizens, and by providing preferences for husbands, fathers, mothers and minor children of American citizens. Secretary Davis has recommended the extension of preferred classification to certain relatives of unnaturalized residents of the United States, and the setting aside as a special quota the unused quota of the previous year for the purpose of reuniting families, but Congress has not seen fit to act upon this plan. Congress, however, did provide relief for aliens who served in the military forces of the United States during the world war, and having visited their native lands at the close of the conflict, were unable to regain admission to the United States because of the quota limitations.

After five years of numerically restricted immigration, during which time the total number of quota immigrants has been reduced from 355,000 to 164,000, the hardships which were so frequent at the outset are growing fewer in number each month. They should continue to decrease as those who are most vitally affected become acquainted with the system and the law. Unfortunately, in the past, even some legal advisors and others who have been consulted, have not taken sufficient pains to find out the law and procedure. The result is that many persons who might have once been legally admitted to the United States have become inadmissible by acting upon suggestions given. As an instance of this, an immigrant whose quota turn might have been reached in six or eight months, perhaps goes to Mexico upon the assurance that entry could be readily effected there. The law, however, makes ineligible by the Mexican route any alien who has not for two years immediately preceding his application, resided in that country.

The immigration laws were designed to promote the best interests of the majority of residents of the United States, and while the hopes of some classes may for a while be adversely affected, time, understanding and compliance with requirements of the statute will iron out the more serious difficulties.

Our Grown-Up World

(Continued from Page 63)

ish life, presumably the practical expression of the Jewish religion, possess them?

Now if we turn to the Jewish religion, as such, examining its essence that is, we can easily find that the two criteria, which are here set forth as the distinguishing marks of the Grown-up Religion of our times, have always been present therein; in fact, have been its chief characteristics. They belong to the very essence of Judaism. The realism and humanism of Judaism are well-known; its interest in the Here-and-Now rather than in the Someday-Somewhere as well as its emphasis on Man are too familiar to require being expatiated upon. I myself have written so much about it in this magazine that I do not feel like repeating myself. Briefly, both humanism and realism connect themselves with the Messianic outlook of the Jewish religion: the end of all prophecies is to be realized on this earth through man perfected in a perfect Society. Nowhere that I know of is there such a powerful stress laid upon the inviolateness of Personality as in Judaism; nowhere such an insistence upon the supremacy of human values above all other values. In addition to this, the very basis of Jewish ethics, its conception of Law and of Love (the last two not being incompatible except in hostile theologies), is found in this, its marvelous reverence for Personality as the last goal of life.

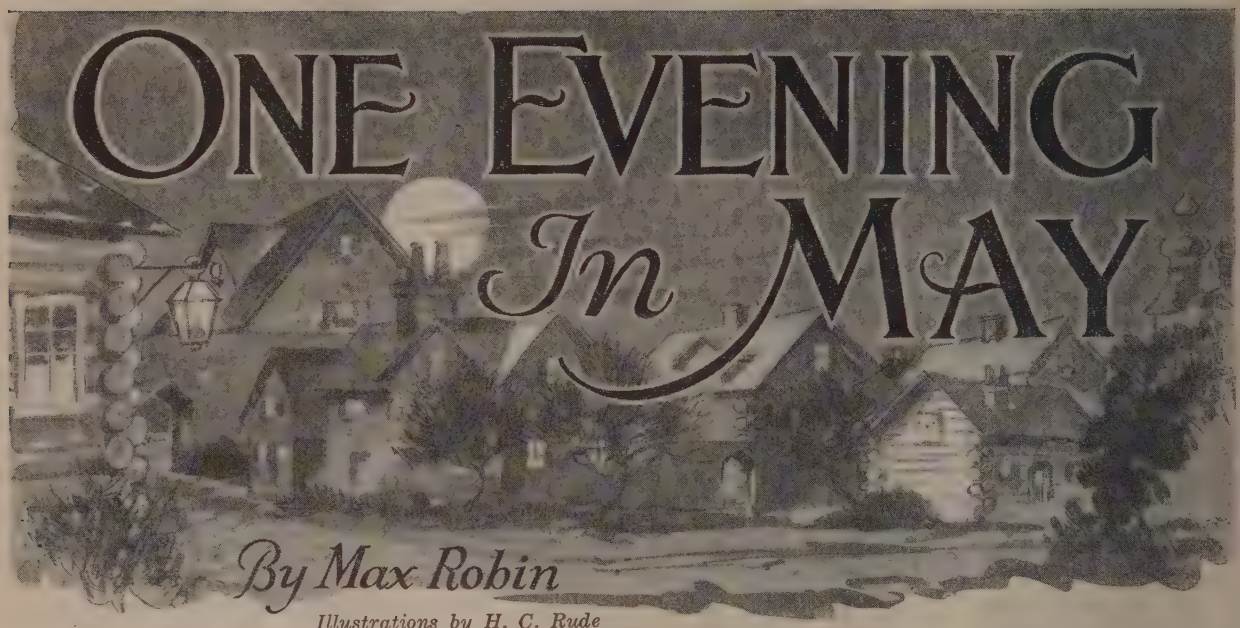
No, we do not worry about Jewish teaching at all. It is absolutely in line with the spirit of this our grown-up world. It has anticipated that spirit by many ages. Count Keyserling in his famous "Travel Diary" says that the goodness of the Western world is purely external; it is secured by administrative machinery and organization: so much so, he says, that if God suddenly destroyed the machinery the nations of the West would appear as pure barbarians. Machinery, not Personality—not inner culture, not the growth of the soul into maturity. Such is the morality of the West. It is not the morality laid down in and by Judaism, which in a forthright manner bases itself upon the inner worth of Personality. No,—Judaism, as such, has little, if aught, to learn of Western civilization. Western civilization has much to learn of Judaism. Judaism, as such, need not grow up to the present stature of mankind; but mankind has yet to grow up to the ideal stature of Judaism.

What we do worry about is not Judaism but the Jew. The quality of Jewish life. There seems to be so little understanding among us of what Judaism in its essential spirit means and "stands for." Jews are not growing up to the stature of their own ideal spirit. Now a spirit is always larger than a people—we know that; but there is not even an attempt on the part of the Jew to measure up to this, our grown-up world: and this, in spite of the fact that he in his religion possesses the means of doing so. Think of the puerilities the Jew connects with Judaism particularly at the time of the year when the high holidays come round? Think of the shallow, puerile tone of the Jewish pulpit, from which, it appears, never a spark of Jewish enlightenment is ever struck! Do I say that there are no Jews that can take their place in this grown-up world and meet fully the demands of the mature world-mind? No! I have met these mature spirits among us; but I have met them musing in their respective corners, doing their quiet thinking in their own way, scarcely turning aside to meet a brother-Jew, let alone mixing with the hurly-burly of American-Jewish life! I have not seen them taking part in "drives" and campaigns for the various "causes" that agitate Jewish Main Street. I have certainly not met them in the Synagogue, too disgusted with the infantilism of its teaching to be seen in a place where their human dignity as thinking beings can but be outraged. And yet, last year, at the Jubilee celebration at Cincinnati, someone naively asked: Where are our intellectuals?

Where are our intellectuals? I know where they are! Where the naive questioner never is. Where Thought is prized above all things. Where Intelligence is the highest ideal. Where standards are not lowered to include the merely flashy, the vulgarly sensational. Where honesty counts above power, and where the Communal Bully is laughed to scorn.

Where are our intellectuals? Where grown-up minds grapple with grown-up thought in a grown-up world. Will the Jewish people ever follow *them* rather than the *others?*

That is the question!



One Evening In May

By Max Robin

Illustrations by H. C. Rude

IT IS springtime in the Ukraine. With mother, I am sitting in front of our house, while my brothers and sisters are away, strolling about town or rowing the length of our fair river. Having played long in the open, I am so fatigued; I am pleased to be left alone here with mother.

Mother does not speak. I had laid my head on her lap, and she has let her fingers stray through my hair. I am lulled and half entranced.

Mother is here, but father is away, in America, and I can only faintly remember his beard, his face and his voice. I sometimes long to be with father, and in our fortnightly letter to him I enclose my regards regularly, as they are uniformly dictated to me by one of my sisters.

About once in two weeks we also receive a letter from him. The postman brings it in the afternoon, but I am out and after him long before. And I no sooner descry his familiar uniform than I start to follow him from house to house. He is a splendid man, our letter-carrier Nitzkevich is, with rosy, dimpled cheeks, pointed nose and fair mustache.

"Yes, little boy," he says to me, his hand on my shoulder, "I have a letter to you from America."

To me! I run home, barefoot, to convey the good news to mother. Elated, she procures pen and ink and sits down to practice, the signing of her name being no easy task for her. And again I run out, to trail the good Nitzkevich; till, finally, I escort him by the hand into our yard.

The letter from father bears a most curious stamp. Imagine, the head of a man, covered with a wig! But what if that man is really a woman! I am puzzled by the unique profile, with the round nose, and can never get used to it.

And along with the letter, father has sent us fifteen rubles, which the postman has remitted to mother in gold, and as the smile on his face indicates, she has not forgotten to tip him.

"Send the children to school," writes father to mother. "See that they don't go about naked. Don't stick needles in your waist. Eat, drink, and do not worry. In America, I can let you know, the time is very bad. There is now taking place here a 'crisis.' In a crisis thousands of people are idle. I started to work, but after a week the factory burned down, and again I have nothing to do. America is a humdrum of a world. People hurry and don't know of a tranquil moment. Few live to be old, and all lose their teeth and hair prematurely. Our bread and sugar are not to be found here. Everything is ready-made, and many die of consumption and cancer. If I were back home, I would kiss the stones on which I used to tread."

In the kitchen we all stand as we listen to mother. A neighbor enters, followed soon by another. "Got a letter from your husband?" All talk of the unknown land and of father, of poverty and wealth as well.

Here is how father went to America.

HE was by trade a silverer, and did much work for the churches in summer. He would come to a village and stop in the elder's house. Being known and liked a good deal, he would be treated with uncommon hospitality.

Through feasting him, his host took father to the sexton, sometimes to the priest, with whom father went to the old village church, to inspect and collect the candelabra, incense lamps and other church appurtenances that were in need of repairing and silvering. Hiring a cart, he then started home, with a substantial amount of work ahead of him.

I would see father off whenever he set out on an expedition like this. He would turn and look back many times. I would then start after him, following him unobserved a good distance out of town. There went father, a heavily built man in dark attire, a huge umbrella under one arm, a well-wrapped bundle under the other. I gazed, eager not to lose my last view of him. And I returned home, disappointed and sad.

But father's had never been a too prosperous trade. A year came when there was scarcely enough bread for the house. And father, long tempted by reports from America, decided to go.

Mother was far from relishing the idea.

Nor was father over-enthusiastic to leave. A married man, at his age—where would he drag himself now? To

a faraway land, beyond a great sea, where the buildings were frightfully tall, and heat was obtained from the walls. English was spoken there, a most abominable language, we heard, which father, surely, would never manage to learn. He must have had misgivings about it all, as the rest of us did. Well, why go? Why not remain in the old place and continue as we have hitherto? . . .

Necessity overcame the reluctance of father and the resistance of mother. But the deciding factor must have been the offer of assistance coming at that time from a friend in America. He undertook to provide father with the all-important steamship ticket, the money to be conveniently returned after he had found something to do in the new world. Such favors did not come begging too often, and father determined to go, since he would eventually have had to, America luring one as with a magnet, and people then leaving in ever greater numbers.

Father kept laying the fateful day off, with mother lapsing into a graver reticence than was normally hers. So we were all silent in that afflicted home of ours. Preparations were steadily, though quietly, progressing. It would have been difficult to procure a foreign passport, father still being within the age limit for military reserves, and it had been arranged for him to cross the border illegally, as most immigrants did, with the aid of an agent, who was amply compensated for the risks he ran.

The final preparations had begun. Cakes were being baked, bread toasted, the latter having been recommended as food most suitable aboard the ship, of which I could nohow form a satisfactory mental picture. Bags and sacks were being sewn, shirts and underwear mended. Father was becoming ever more indulgent with us.

And, one evening, my brother came to call for me at a neighbor's house, where I was fond of meeting my friends.

"Come," he said, taking me gently by the arm, "you will say good-bye to father."

I felt annoyed at being disturbed. With difficulty we made our way down the long flight of stairs. We then had to cross our yard, the ground treacherous and the darkness so dense it could almost be touched. And we shivered with cold—brr!

We opened the door and—what excitement there was in the house! Bundles lay all over the kitchen—so many for father to carry! Some neighbors and relatives augmented our family circle, with mother and both of my sisters in tears and father upset and affected. As he caught sight of me, he exclaimed, nervously:

"Here goes my youngest!"

He snatched me up in his powerful arms, father did, and he clasped me to his bosom, with such force, I barely refrained from giving vent to an outcry, in alarm and in pain. Then he kissed me, on the mouth and forehead and head. Dear father, I wonder why he kissed me so strongly? His lips were moist and warm, sweet and ardent, while his thick beard whisked agreeably over my cheek. Father's manly breath was odorous of tobacco, and as usual I liked that in him.

And, quickly—unless my bewilderment made it seem so—the house was emptied. In the stillness I thought I could still hear a resonant smacking of lips, that followed each other in pairs. I stood, quite alone—till I was aware of another boy with me. A stranger he was, even more scared and astonished than I. And as we stood and stared at each other, the minutes slowly passing, I experienced a violent hatred for the fellow.

"He snatched me up in his powerful arms"

It was cold, and my people, without my father, returned. Now a neighbor, now a relative sought to console mother.

"You mustn't take it so much to heart. You will soon be together. Time flies."

In a while we were left all alone, and we stood, our hands at our backs, against the wall of the stove, warming ourselves. The windows rattled, and the wind howled through the chimney, so ominously, we were afraid to step into the kitchen. To think that father was traveling such a night! But where and why was he traveling?

Not a sound did anyone utter. The lamp flickered dimly on the table. Shadows hovered about the walls. Mother coughed. Something had happened in our home. Someone had gone from us, never to return, we all felt.

Tears stained the hollow faces. How helpless we were in the world. The wind howled more fiercely. Our hearts sank as we huddled together. What a night!

We had begun life alone, without father.

A Hillel Foundation study group—University of Illinois.

By Leonard Cohen

Saturday, April 10

THE Saturday morning services at the Foundation seem to be booming lately. Despite Saturday classes and late sleepers, we get enough for two or three *minyons*. It was not very long ago that we had to round up the ten men. . . . An innovation in the Saturday morning service is the student talk. One of the boys spoke this morning on "Jehuda Ha-Levi," emphasizing that Ha-Levi stressed devotion in contrast to rationalism in religion. These student talks put a modern note in the traditional service. . . . This evening more than 400 people jammed the Foundation rooms to see the Second Annual Stunt Show. Every seat was taken and crowds stood all around the auditorium. When the Stunt Show was first proposed in a Student Council meeting a year ago it was considered an impossibility, a joke. It was a joke—tonight the crowd laughed at it for two hours. The acts were good, on the average much better than the average vaudeville bill. "Where is the Jewish interest?" someone asks us. The program and the crowd showed the Jewish value. The feat of getting the dozen fraternities and sororities to join in the friendly rivalry is a worthwhile Foundation endeavor. It shows that the Foundation is really the unifying force for the Jewish students.

Sunday, April 11

TEMPLE services are marked by the advent of spring. Spring, in the style and colors of new frocks, walked down the aisles this morning. Some say that the girls come to Temple just to show off their new clothes. But we are inclined to doubt this. Somehow they are most alert in their criticism of the sermon, and first to note "insincerity" in their rabbis. Insincerity is their term that covers every evil, be it shallowness, hypocrisy, false reasoning or over-emotionalism. . . . It is amusing to notice the way the attendance is made up. The fraternity that had a house party this last week-end is not represented—late sleeping. The others come in groups of five or six. The process is almost generally the same. Some frater with the ambition to rise for Sunday breakfast, eats and prepares for Temple, but lacking company, he proceeds to the dormitory and awakens a goodly number of the brethren. Some of these groups, too late, or too lazy to walk the mile, and lacking a "collegiate car" have taken to hiring cabs and splitting the cost. . . . The music at the Temple is becoming more and more attractive. The excellent choir, the organ, and the splendid violin solos by Phyllis Feingold have served to attract many to services. . . . The rabbi announced the All-Student Service that is being planned for some Sunday next month. It is planned to have a student preach the sermon, and others read the service. The idea came from the religious education committee, which is seeking to further interest in the services. . . . In the afternoon the Student Council met. The committee chairmen reported. The committees seem to be racing each other to see how many plans and activities can be carried through. Arranging dates to avoid conflicts has become a ticklish job. The officers of the Student Loan Drive reported that the campaign had passed its quota of $1,500 and that almost every Jewish student on the campus had contributed to this fund to make possible loans to needy students. . . . For the first time in quite a while there was no program at the Foundation this evening. Co-operating with the Y. M. C. A., which sponsors the All-University service held one Sunday evening a month, the

Foundation has left its Sunday evening open so that the Jewish students might attend the general convocation. . . . The busy journalists who make up the Publication Committee were working tonight on the next issue of the Hillel Bulletin. For a few hours the Foundation is turned into a newspaper office.

Monday, April 12 MONDAY is always a strange day. The week-end rush and excitement are over. Classes become the important thing. At the Foundation there is the ordinary routine. Students come in continually. They are there to study, to meet friends, to loaf. Dr. Jung's classes meet and discuss some phase of Jewish social ideals. The rabbis are in their offices and students are dropping in from time to time for chats, getting and giving information and advice. . . . Late in the afternoon the Social Committee meets. The Social Committee has become an institution.

Tuesday, April 13 THE Open Forum and Publication Committees met this afternoon. The Open Forum group went through lists off national Jewish figures considering who should address the monthly Open Forum. An added project considered by the committee was the publication of a Hillel Annual, to include news and pictures of all the Foundations; and today a subcommittee presented a preliminary report. . . . The meeting of the Publication Committee really was a meeting of the staff of the Bulletin. And like most staff meetings, someone got "bawled" out. Only in this case almost everyone got bawled out. But it was taken and given in a good-natured manner and all parted as friends. . . . The rabbi's discussion group met in his office in the evening. Here eight or ten interested students discussed some work of Jewish literature. The "Bread Givers," by Yezierska, was discussed tonight. . . . Out in the auditorium (if we may call our central room such) the dramatic group rehearsed the two plays that were scheduled for the following week. One play, "Redemption Abroad," was written by a Jewish member of the university's English department. This production was to be its "premiere." The author was also the coach. . . . The quality of the dramatic material here, and for that matter at almost every university, is very high. And always there are Jewish students among the dramatic stars.

Wednesday, April 14 THE Menorah Committee met this afternoon. The next Menorah evening is to be featured by a paper on the "Nineteenth Century Jew," by a Gentile student. . . . In the rabbi's study there was a mighty discussion on Zionism this afternoon. It started quite accidentally, but before it was over there were almost a dozen discussers and almost a dozen different viewpoints. . . . The actors rehearsed again tonight. Their voices sounded louder and more confident.

Thursday, April 15 THE loan fund collected by the students is functioning regularly. These last few months of school are the time when money is most needed to carry students through the year and enable them to complete their work. One loan was made to enable a student to replace a coat that had been lost in the bustle of the recent Stunt Show. In another case a loan made it possible for a student to finish five years of work in law. Without the loan he probably would have had to leave school and delay his work a year. . . . Among the letters received today was one, a request from the Training School for Jewish Social Work, for students who might be interested in social work. The Foundation is definitely the organization that stands for all branches of Jewish activity on the campus. . . . Four committee meetings were held tonight. They filled the classroom, the library, the dressing room off the stage and one of the offices. At the same time the dramatic group rehearsed on the stage. And the story-telling group met in the main room. . . . The Social Welfare Committee heard reports from its various subcommittees. . . . The Religious Education meeting was busy with plans for the All-Student Service and reported that quite a few persons were desirous of trying out for parts in the service. . . . The Publicity and Dramatic Committees were busy with their routine work. The latter committee had a new plan to encourage the writing of plays of Jewish interest by offering prizes.

Friday, April 16 THE president of the Student Council is busy with leaders of the church organizations in perfecting some sort of permanent organization of the various student religious groups. The co-operation between all the denominations here is excellent. The pastors are united into an organization that takes up mutual problems. Hillel is always represented. . . . Dr. Jung led the service this afternoon in the Foundation rooms. Although the facilities are crude, the service was beautiful. It should prove to be an example to the many synagogues where services are confusing to the American youth. I forgot to mention the daily service that recently has been established. It is surprising. Every day at least a minyon gathers and *davins* for ten or fifteen minutes. Not long ago it was difficult to assemble ten people even once in two weeks.

After services, B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, Champaign, Ill.

On the B'nai B'rith Circuit

By Oscar Leonard

THE visitor in the small American town frequently encounters a situation that is typical of the little Jewish communities of this country. There are too few Jewish families to employ a rabbi. These few are divided against themselves into Orthodox, Reform and Conservative groups. They have no synagogue.

In communities of this kind, the local B'nai B'rith Lodge very often is the only unifying force among the various Jewish factions. Its meetings are attended by every Jew in the town, regardless of whether he is of the Orthodox, Reform or Conservative wing of Judaism.

I visited one of these small town lodges as a speaker recently. The appearance of a Jewish speaker is something of an event in the little Jewish community. The dining hall of the hotel was filled to capacity. Men and women representing all phases of Jewish life were there. Boys and girls, young men and women and college students home for the week-end, comprised a large part of the audience.

As I looked into the faces of these people, I had a feeling that they expected much of me. The Jew yearns for reassurance in his struggle to remain a Jew in an inimical environment. The speaker feels compelled to give a word of hope to the Jewish men and women who, for the sake of "parnossa," must live far from the things that are dear to them.

The message to the young had a different purpose. I tried to grip their imagination. Unlike their foreign-born parents, they had not seen the many beautiful sacrifices for Judaism. They did not sense the romance of being a Jew. I related portions of our history which would be so terribly sad were it not made so transcendentally glorious by sacrifices.

Then I spoke of B'nai B'rith, of the good work it is doing through its benevolent institutions, and not the least, through its Hillel Foundations which exert the spiritual and cultural influences that have kept us alive.

When the meeting was over, mothers, with eyes moist, came to press my hand. One little woman said:

"The one cloud of my life has been the fear that is in the heart of every Jewish mother who rears children in a small town—the fear that she is losing them. I have sent my boy to the university; I am doing all I can to give him a good education. But we have never had the opportunity to give him any Jewish training. When he was small we had no religious school here. It was difficult enough to keep him from accompanying his Gentile playmates to Christian Sunday Schools. How can I be sure that he will not be lost to our people?"

Later some of the men came to discuss their problems. Among them was a rather fine looking Jew, a very emotional gentleman. He seemed to be all heart. There were tears in his eyes as he spoke to me, partly in English, partly in Yiddish.

"From the way you spoke from your heart, I know you must understand Yiddish," he said. I encouraged him and he continued:

"God bless those who have started the Hillel Foundation. It is what we have needed most. I would pay a good deal toward a Hillel Foundation if one were started at the university where my daughter is a student. The good Lord has been good to me. I am making a fine living here. I cannot complain. It would be a sin to complain. But if I did not have to live in this small town, I should be completely happy. I wish I could be where my fellow Jews are. I tried my best to give my children some Jewish training. But you know how it is. American children. . . . And I with my English which is not so good. How could I make them understand? As for Yiddish. . . .

"My little girl is in the university. She takes all the honors. Everything is all right. But how do I know she will not marry a goy, may the Lord forbid. She knows nothing Jewish. If they had a Hillel Foundation at the university where she goes, I would feel very much more at ease. I would know that she is among her own people.

"The B'nai B'rith here is the one bright spot in my life. I come among Jews. When I shake hands with a brother Jew at the lodge, I know that it is a greeting from the heart. To me the meeting of the lodge is a yom tov. I look forward to it. I look back upon it with pleasure. After all, what does a Jew like me have in a town like this? Thank the Lord, I have done well. But is that all? I like to hear a Yiddish word. I like to know that I am part of the chain which makes up Israel. The lodge is the one link in this town that connects us with our people.

"I am an Orthodox Jew. I never ate treife in my life. Yet it makes me sick to hear some of the people talk so much of the need of schechita. As if the eating of meat is the most important thing in the world. What I would like to see is a leader here who would look after the religious welfare of our children so they may remain Jews."

A young, native born Ben B'rith, of Reform parentage, then spoke.

"I like your idea of making the B'nai B'rith Lodge the common meeting ground for all Jews," he said. "When I was in college and they kept me out of a fraternity they did not ask whether I was a Russian Jew or a German Jew. They did not want me because I am a Jew. I can see now how absurd it is for one Jew to look down upon another. I think that our lodges should hold Better Understanding Meetings for our own people rather than meetings of the interdenominational variety. Perhaps there would then be more better understanding than bitter misunderstanding among ourselves."

THE executive offices of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith have received the following anonymous note:

"Enclosed is $5 for the help of needy Jews. Place it where you think it will do the most good. Jews once befriended me and now I hope to repay part of the debt.

"Names signed to anything like this are immaterial."

Shortly after a second anonymous donation of $7 for needy Jews was received.

The $5 has been given to the Cincinnati quota of the Joint Distribution Committee campaign, and the other donation likewise will be given to a worthy cause.

A Land of Jewish Liberty

Palestine, Where a Jew May Exercise Self-Expression, is Described in a Letter

PALESTINE is small, but Palestine's story is long, and so very beautiful.

At sunset we left Cairo for Jerusalem. Early next morning our train was passing the Judean Hills of Palestine.

Our train mounted in spirals toward Jerusalem, 2,400 feet above sea level.

Immediately after settling ourselves at a hotel in the city, we sauntered out to absorb the sights. Our first impression was one of an oriental city as we wandered through narrow, cobble-paved Jaffa Street.

We turned into David Street, vibrant with life, flanked by small shops, bazaars and vegetable stalls.

Sabbath was approaching. Shops were being closed. We proceeded through entire lengths of business streets which already had been stilled by the Sabbath. Our route took us through the Arab quarter, and at length we stood in the shadow of the Wailing Wall.

I had seen many paintings and photographs of the wall, but now it seemed as if I was beholding its likeness for the first time. The rosy glow of sunset rested upon the wall and upon the groups of worshippers, picturesque in their Sabbath garb. There were the fair Ashkenazi in flowing, velvet robes, brilliantly colored and fur-trimmed; the Sephardim, dark, Latin types; and the strange Yemenites, who look like Arabs. They were clothed in white robes. Their thin faces were shaded by broad-brimmed, black hats. The Yemenites' worship was ecstatically joyful. They bobbed up and down as they chanted the Sabbath service.

Among the faithful ones at the Wailing Wall also were women, enveloped in large white shawls; boys and girls, who were no less ardent than their elders, and tottering old men, who came to the wall supported by youthful arms.

Can we afford to scoff at these people, whose motif of life is a pathetic remnant of a glorious antiquity? Except for the persistent Jewish reverence for a tradition, there would be no foundation on which to construct the beautiful future that is now coming into being in Palestine.

Jerusalem is a place where one may exercise self-expression. A learned man fostered the ideal of making Hebrew a living language—it is today the language of the land. A Jewish actress, disillusioned by commercialized drama, came to Jerusalem and organized a theater. She trained a group of fifty young men and women for the stage. That theater now produces Hebrew translations of some of the greatest and most artistic plays. Dr. Boris Schatz, realizing the need of an outlet for the creative genius of the people, founded the Bezalel School, and the art works exhibited there are among the glories of the land.

One perfect example of Jewish self-expression which is being born in this country was seen in the public celebration of Purim at Tel-aviv. From all the surrounding towns and colonies people thronged to the city in every mode of conveyance. Chalutzim, sturdy young men and women, hurried, singing, from the fields and from the roads they were building, until 50,000 Jews were gathered in a Jewish city to celebrate a Jewish holiday.

The festival was a sweet song of freedom—freedom to breathe, freedom to think, freedom to live as Jews!

Thirty-one thousand European Jews entered the new freedom of Palestine last year. There are schools, where they receive systematic training for their duties. They find employment in the various new industries or in the fields which are being marvelously revived after lying barren for centuries.

Palestine's new farm colonies are an epic. Let us visit just one of them—Degania, a co-operative colony. It is beautiful, with its avenues of cypress trees leading down to the Jordan. The colonists have attained the highest level of social-mindedness. They are much concerned with the welfare of future generations. So they concentrate their efforts in self-development largely upon the young. They have a system of supervised play for babies two and three years of age. They have a kindergarten where each child must cultivate his plot of ground. Happy immigrants! They are not confronted by the immigrant's problem of educational inequality between parents and children! I never knew there was so much happiness in the world as I saw in the colonies.

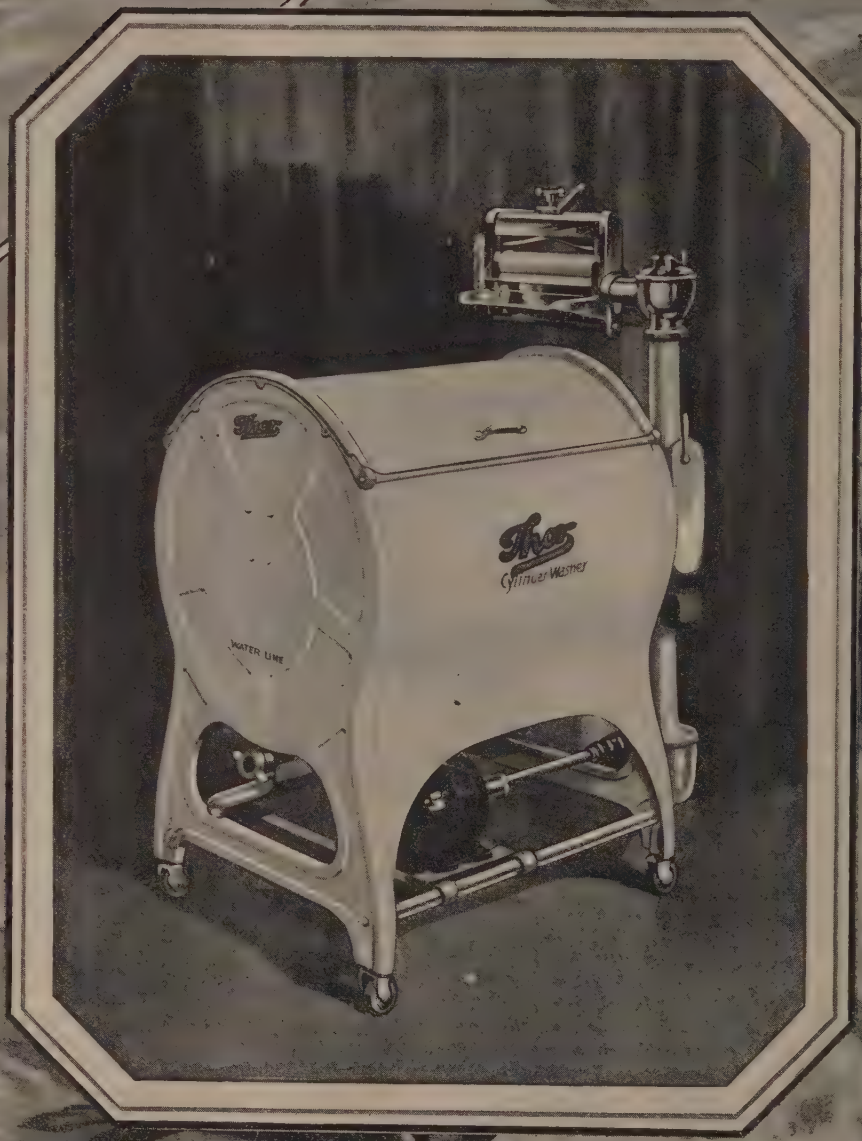
Palestine is small, but Palestine's story is long, and so very beautiful—beautiful in idealism that is being realized by brave men and women, many of whom have come from homes of culture and plenty in America to live here as they themselves will to live, and to help rebuild this land so that others may enjoy peace and hope.

—Fannie Van Vliet.

Lilien

The Wailing Wall

Announc



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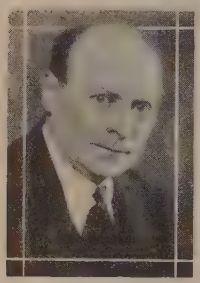
In the Public Eye

Herman Bernstein



Herman Bernstein

ON his fiftieth birthday celebrated recently, Herman Bernstein, editor of the Jewish Tribune, of New York City, had the pleasure of hearing what some of the country's outstanding figures thought of him.

Among persons who sent congratulatory messages expressing high regard for him were statesmen, scholars, editors, writers, community leaders, theatrical managers and industrial heads.

Six years after his arrival in the United States from his native Russia, Mr. Bernstein began to publish short stories, novels and translations of Russian classics. He introduced the English-speaking world to Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky and Andreyev. He is the author of "In the Gates of Israel," "Contrite Hearts," "With Master Minds," and other works.

He wrote "The History of a Lie" which exposed the notorious "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion" and is the founder of the Yiddish daily, "The Day."

Mr. Bernstein toured Europe many times as special correspondent for American journals and his writings and activities have always been deeply concerned with Jewish welfare.

* * *

Louis D. Brandeis

THE seventieth birthday of Louis D. Brandeis, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which was celebrated November 13th, found him no less ardent as a protector of the people's rights than he was during his distinguished career before the bar. His ten years on the bench of the highest court have been marked by opinions that have shown his intense interest in the masses.

Louis D. Brandeis

Prior to his appointment to the Supreme Court by the late President Wilson he appeared in the role of standard bearer for the people in a number of important cases. He served as the people's counsel in the proceedings involving the constitutionality of the Oregon and Illinois women's ten hour laws, the Ohio nine-hour law, the California eight-hour law and the Oregon minimum wage law.

Justice Brandeis was born in Louisville, Ky., and was educated in American and foreign schools. He is a devoted Jew and was chairman of the Provisional Committee for General Zionist Affairs from 1914 to 1916. He is the author of a number of authoritative books and articles on law, business, finance and labor.

* * *

Dr. Chaim Weizmann

THOUGH Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the World Zionist Organization, has been in America a number of times previously, his arrival here last month aroused the interest of Jews throughout the country.

Dr. Chaim Weizmann

Of Dr. Weizmann it is said that "he has made more Zionist history since 1914 than was created in any previous span of years."

At the beginning of the war, Dr. Weizmann, then a struggling chemist, visualized the timely opportunities for the Zionist cause, and succeeded in bringing the Palestine question to the fore in the remaking of the European map.

He carried the Balfour Declaration to Versailles and then to San Remo, and made possible the beginning of constructive work in the Jewish National home.

His personality is such that the Zionist movement of the entire world has centered about him.

He has come to America in connection with the forthcoming United Palestine Appeal and for final negotiations to establish an American branch of the Jewish Agency.

David de Sola Pool

THE Zionist movement long ago conceived the idea that it must perpetuate itself through youth. And thus the organization known as Young Judaea came into being.

David de Sola Pool

The friend, hero and adviser of Young Judaea is Dr. David de Sola Pool. Dr. Pool recently was re-elected to the presidency of the organization.

Dr. Pool was born in London in 1885. He studied in the Universities of London, Berlin and Heidelberg, and received his training for the rabbinate at Jews College, London, and at the Jewish Rabbinical Seminary, Berlin.

He is president of the New York Board of Jewish Ministers. During the war he was director of religious welfare for the Jewish Welfare Board. In 1919 he served as regional director for the Joint Distribution Committee in Syria and Palestine.

* * *

William M. Lewis

WHEN William M. Lewis, a fourteen-year-old immigrant from Russia, settled in Philadelphia in 1898, he began at once to work for the restoration of Palestine.

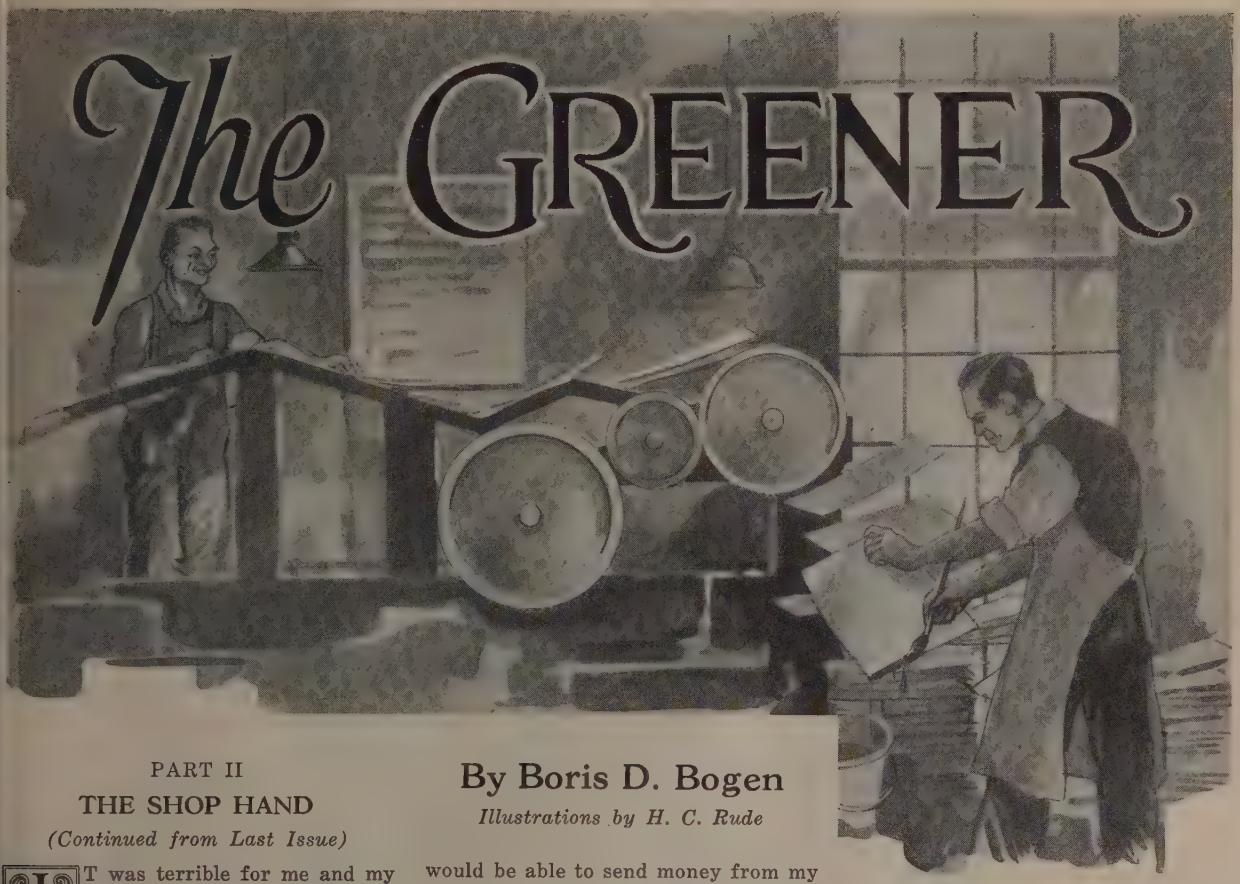
He became a member of one of the first Zionist societies in the country, "The Lovers of Zion." Subsequently he assumed the leadership of various drives in Philadelphia for the Palestine Foundation Fund and the United Palestine Appeal.

The Zionist Organization of America now has rewarded his life-long efforts by appointing him chairman of the United Palestine Appeal, which will raise $7,500,000 in 1926-27.

William M. Lewis

In 1922 Governor Sproul appointed Mr. Lewis to the bench of the Municipal Court for a ten year term. Judge Lewis is only 42 years old.

The GREENER



PART II

THE SHOP HAND

(Continued from Last Issue)

By Boris D. Bogen

Illustrations by H. C. Rude

IT was terrible for me and my wife to realize that we were penniless in a strange land. I tried to find work. My halting English, my lack of experience in any trade, my bewildered look that betrayed the greenhorn, seemed to shut all doors against me. Our friends gathered about us, a generous, eager little group. But they, too, had only recently come from Moscow (it was this that had drawn us to them) and they were poor people, peddlers, needle-workers, and "hands" in factories and shops. They tried to cheer us, they invited us to share their congested rooms; and there they had to stop. New York, whose very strangeness and bigness had thrilled us, assumed a sinister, fearful aspect.

And then came a letter from my wife's uncle. He had gone to Baltimore and had a good job in a furniture factory. But he was practically American; he could easily get another job. In fact, he intended leaving the factory anyway. Would I care to try my hand at it? The pay was good; I would be able to send for my wife, Lisa, and the child, and in Baltimore people could live comfortably. In the meantime Lisa could keep up her sewing; soon I would be able to send money from my wages. I went to Baltimore.

"When you come for the job," cautioned Uncle Matvey, "don't, whatever you do, act like a greenhorn. Say you are experienced in this line. That is bluff. In America one gets along like that." So I assured the foreman at the furniture factory that I was an experienced furniture finisher; Matvey's departure had left an opening and I got the job.

They took me down to the basement and pointed to a newly built sideboard; I was to take it up to the second floor and there apply varnish. I seized the object in my arms and, staggering, tugging and pushing, got it up stairs. I reached the first landing exhausted, but triumphant. But I dared not rest; someone with an air of authority was regarding me curiously. Panting, I took hold of the monster once more and resumed the climb. At last I reached the top. Looking down, I could not repress a shudder at the steepness of those stairs. I must have relaxed my grip. At any rate, my burden slipped from me and crashed down the stairs. I ran after it, with some desperate notion of beating it to the bottom and breaking its fall. The race ended in a tie; the sideboard was wrecked; I was terrified.

The boss expressed himself to the effect that as a furniture finisher I was finished. Before he was through speaking, I found myself on the sidewalk, departing rather rapidly. For want of something more profitable to do, I continued walking. As I walked, I resolved that I would postpone further bluffing until I had become more of an American and had improved my technique. I knew something about printing; I would look for work in a printing plant.

The supply of printing hands in Baltimore appeared discouragingly adequate, but my search was finally rewarded by a card bearing the legend "Boy Wanted," tacked upon a door. Since the loss of my beard I had several times been taken for less than my twenty-three years; perhaps I might now turn my boyish appearance to good account. Of course the pay was correspondingly small, but I was only too happy to be on any payroll.

I was stationed beneath a machine that poured out squares of paper destined to cover packages of cigarettes. It was my task to dip a small brush into gilt and, as the papers fell in

rapid succession, to gild each sheet and place it to one side before the next sheet fell. I worked in desperate haste. The man at the machine above me, amused at my terror, would speed up that relentless mechanism. My day's work became a veritable nightmare of dip, brush, lift, and place . . . dip, brush, lift and place . . . all in a blind furious rush to keep up with that swift procession of papers. This was not the precise, logical task of setting type and working a press . . . this was a terrible contest, my untrained hand pitted against the devilish skill of the machine.

There was one other Jew working there, a husky swarthy fellow whose task it was to set type for a Hungarian newspaper printed in our shop. At the stroke of twelve, when the men would drop their work and draw out their greasy parcels of lunch, Herman's voice would boom at me. "Boy," he shouted; and I had to go to him. Carelessly he would hand me a can and a coin and order me to fetch beer from the nearby saloon. Always, when I received the can over the bar, it would be foaming and running over; but always, no matter how I hurried, by the time I handed the can to its owner, the foam had subsided to a mere scum and the can was not full. Then Herman would fall into a mock rage, calling upon all present to witness how the greenhorn was robbing him by drinking half of the beer. In vain I protested. The joke was too good to pass.

But night brought me into another life. I discovered the existence of an evening school for immigrants. The teacher was Henrietta Szold, a quiet, earnest young woman, absorbed in her work with an almost painful intensity. My eagerness in class and my perhaps conscious tendency to introduce philosophic and learned subjects into my compositions won her interest. When I told her about my life in Russia, and about our circle there, she asked me whether I would speak on Russia at an evening entertainment to be given for the benefit of the school.

At last the evening arrived. I dressed myself in my cherished frock coat and hastened to the hall. At the doorway, collecting the admission fees, stood Herman! I had been told that I would be admitted free of charge upon announcing myself, but I could not resist the opportunity to pause before my erstwhile tormenter and hand him my dime. And though I passed on without a backward look, I could feel the bewildered stare that followed me.

I must have done passably well with my lecture. At any rate, Miss Szold told me I did, and the chairman of the evening invited me to visit his home. So I spent a blissful hour in the luxurious home of an American Jew and returned to my drab room, my brain filled with a confused, dazzling picture of velvet curtains, mirror floors and the thoughtful, kind face of my host. Pervading all, I felt the glorious freedom and security of those lives I had touched.

It seemed fantastic to go to work the next morning as if nothing had happened, to take up once more the wearying round of dip, brush, lift, place . . . dip, brush, lift, place. I wondered how Herman felt about last evening's encounter; I tried to picture his dark, coarse face rapt in thought, but I rejected the idea with a rueful smile. A shout called my attention to the heap of papers piling up before me, smeared with gilt from the one at the bottom which I had painted. The noisy, dirty reality closed in on me. I pushed the ruined sheets to the floor and resumed the dizzying contest.

Noon came. The men dropped their work and drew out their greasy parcels. Herman seemed slow in calling me today; I essayed a sidelong glance in his direction. He was not there, and with a sigh of relief I settled down to my own lunch. I ate, and as I ate, considered the curious state of things that bound me to Herman despite myself, that made me feel that I stood with him, as apart from the others in that place.

"Boy," Herman's deep voice boomed through the loft. I jumped. The men about me snickered. The Jew had come in and was sitting in his familiar place, with the familiar can beside him. Puzzled, I came up to him.

He motioned to the can; evidently someone else, perhaps he himself, had made the trip to the bar, for the foam was settling within the vessel. I glanced up at Herman's face. The roughly chiseled features were stolid, brute-like as ever. But the eyes held a startling expression. They were proud, tender, wistful. They spoke of pride in respect for learning; they spoke of brooding tenderness over the scholar; they spoke of wistful yearning to feel kinship with him. A Jew can look like that.

He lifted the can, held it out to me and asked me to drink.

A FEW days later Matvey came around at noon, brandishing a letter. His friend Dave, up in Connecticut, sent good news. He had a fine position as a weaver in a woolen mill; wages were high, living was cheap, the work was pleasant and not hard to learn. Matvey, himself, was entirely satisfied with his job, but how about me? My wages barely covered my living expenses; the time when I could send for my little family was as far off as ever. Certainly anything else was worth trying.

He told me about the Jewish charity organization; sometimes they would get you a railroad ticket for half price, providing you really left the city. So I went to the office of the charities and sat in a room with forlorn, frightened men and women, until I was called into the inner sanctum. I suppose they treated me rather decently, because I don't remember anything about it. I got my ticket and left for Dogville.

Matvey's friend met me at the station. We went to his boarding house. I was plunged into a sea of noise and confusion and hurry, and felt as if I were drowning. Yet this was a tiny town, laughably so in comparison with New York's East Side. I could not understand what everyone was shouting, and for one terrible hour I thought I had learned some other language instead of English, by mistake. Then Dave told me that the crowd was speaking French; this town was a sort of French-Canadian colony and most of the weavers spoke no English among themselves.

They are all greenhorns here, I thought. I am as good as they. But at the mill next morning I was placed under the supervision of a young woman with snapping eyes and a clicking tongue. She was assigned to teach me how to weave and she seemed far from delighted with her task. Her disgusted look spoke volumes of scorn for the unskilled worker and I tried to fight against the sense of inferiority her glance invoked. My English was as good as hers. But I was a "greener," nevertheless.

Her hands flashed across the loom, while she directed at me a rapid fire of mingled English and French that left me dazed. Then she stepped aside and I took her place; almost instantly the threads and spindles were a tangled mass in my fingers, and I

called for help. Again and again her swift hands leaped across the loom; again and again my fumbling fingers tried to follow those quick movements. Just as I began to feel a glow of achievement as the threads shot through in rhythmic lines, the young weaver gave me up as a bad job and sent me to the boss for another assignment. And so ended the first day.

From that time on I was an ordinary mill hand. I carried great bales of rags from a barge on the river into a room at the mill. I spread the rags in layers on the floor, with oil between them, and then fed the slippery mass into a great gin that chewed it into fibrous piles. Then it went to the spinners to be made into yarn for the weaving of "shoddy." But I stayed with the rags and the gin.

Each morning at the boarding house we were aroused by a piercing yell. The noise of the awakening household was almost deafening. The clatter of crockery, the shrill talk and the shouts of laughter mingled in a great roar over the long breakfast tables. The great platters of bacon and eggs, griddle cakes and fried potatoes, all reeking with grease, and the tanks of steaming porridge appeared singularly unappetizing.

One night Dave remarked that there was a Jewish family a mile or so up the road. I was surprised and puzzled by my eager insistence to visit them that very evening. As we came up the road, the lighted windows of the little farmhouse seemed strangely alluring.

The head of the house greeted us jovially. He was a plaintive, bearded little Jew, who clung to his farm with grim determination. His wife and step-ladder series of children shared in the farm work, tended chickens, gathered vegetables for the town stores and milked cows. Real peasants, they seemed. The little man clutched at us when we rose to go; it was good to see a Jewish face and hear a Jewish voice.

It was arranged that we should board at the farmhouse. Each morning we trudged the two miles to the mill and, wearily, each evening we plodded home. Dave grumbled over the distance, but I knew that nothing could make him move back to town. The house had become our home.

So far, America wanted only my hand; beyond that, I must prove myself. I had seen some Russian magazines which, I had been given to understand, paid money for contributions.

I carried my lamp to my bedside and wrote, and wrote. I did not write of the America I knew. I wrote of the fair land conjured by my dreams and by the fleeting glimpses of happiness I had caught. I wove vivid phrases about the beautiful houses I had seen, the great, spreading lawns of the villages I had viewed from train windows, the eloquent brilliance of bill-boards extolling patent medicines and cheap tobacco. I wrote with an air of calm authority. I mailed my manuscripts to several of the leading Russian magazines. I tried not to hope.

Passover was approaching and, despite my old indifference to the holiday, I wanted to have my family with me when it came. The farmer fed me well and cheaply and I hoarded my dollars. At last I could write Lisa to sell our few bits of household furniture and come to me. She should leave as soon as she got my letter; there was a through train direct to the town and I would meet her at the station. We would have our first day for ourselves, for it would be Sunday.

The mill seemed a kindly, familiar place to me now. I worked almost automatically, forking up the rags and feeding them into the great gin. I thought of my wife and baby soon to be with me, and of the happy times we would have together out in the country. I was earning twelve dollars every week; we could live quite nicely on seven of them. That meant I would be able to save five dollars a week. I would keep my job until I had saved enough for at least one year at the university. Then, after a year of study in America, I would be in position to put my training in pedagogy to advantage.

A terrible, rending roar crashed in upon me. The gin trembled, and then stopped. A piece of iron had become mixed with the rags and I had fed it to the gin. The machine was wrecked.

The mill rose as one man and swooped down upon me. The stopping of the gin meant no material for the spinners, for the weavers, in our section. The machine could not be fixed until Monday, and this meant that they must lose the rest of Saturday's pay. I gathered all this from the imprecations hurled at me, from the furious shouts, from the raised fists and menacing eyes of the men who drove me from the building. I was running towards the station, and they were still at my heels, I felt, but I did not dare turn to look. I suppose I got into a train. But to me it seemed as if I had run all the way to New York.

I dragged my dusty feet down East Broadway, exhausted, desperate, masked in the grease and lint of the mills. Lisa and the baby were somewhere en route to Dogville.

"The mill arose as one man and swooped down upon me"

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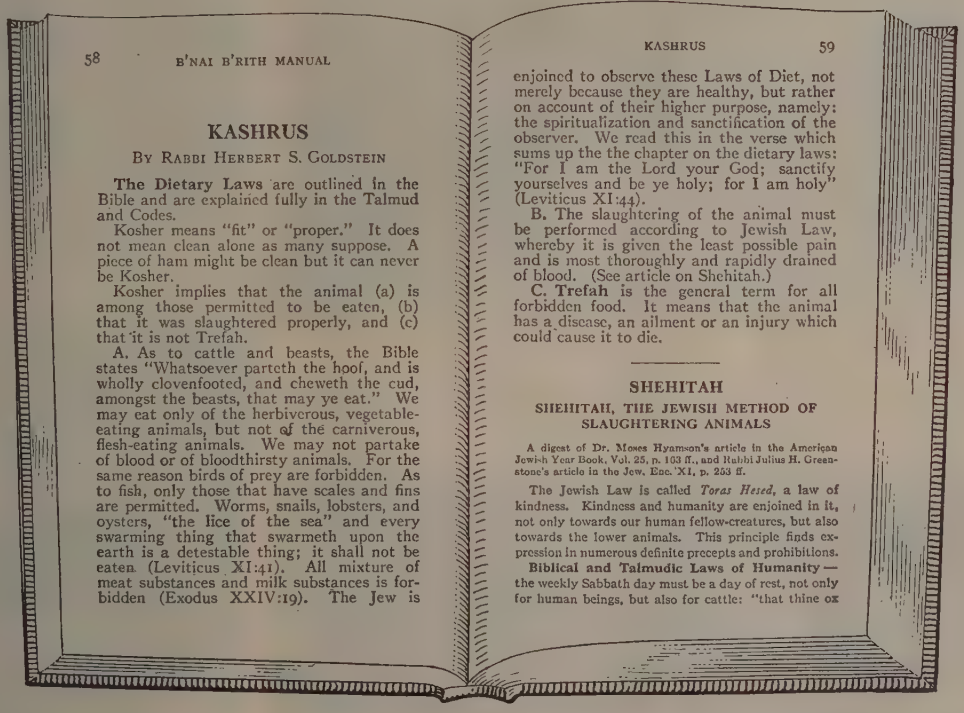

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KASHRUS

By Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein

The Dietary Laws are outlined in the Bible and are explained fully in the Talmud and Codes.

Kosher means "fit" or "proper." It does not mean clean alone as many suppose. A piece of ham might be clean but it can never be Kosher.

Kosher implies that the animal (a) is among those permitted to be eaten, (b) that it was slaughtered properly, and (c) that it is not Trefah.

A. As to cattle and beasts, the Bible states "Whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is wholly clovenfooted, and cheweth the cud, amongst the beasts, that may ye eat." We may eat only of the herbiverous, vegetable-eating animals, but not of the carniverous, flesh-eating animals. We may not partake of blood or of bloodthirsty animals. For the same reason birds of prey are forbidden. As to fish, only those that have scales and fins are permitted. Worms, snails, lobsters, and oysters, "the lice of the sea" and every swarming thing that swarmeth upon the earth is a detestable thing; it shall not be eaten (Leviticus XI:41). All mixture of meat substances and milk substances is forbidden (Exodus XXIV:19). The Jew is

KASHRUS 59

enjoined to observe these Laws of Diet, not merely because they are healthy, but rather on account of their higher purpose, namely: the spiritualization and sanctification of the observer. We read this in the verse which sums up the the chapter on the dietary laws: "For I am the Lord your God; sanctify yourselves and be ye holy; for I am holy" (Leviticus XI:44).

B. The slaughtering of the animal must be performed according to Jewish Law, whereby it is given the least possible pain and is most thoroughly and rapidly drained of blood. (See article on Shchitah.)

C. **Trefah** is the general term for all forbidden food. It means that the animal has a disease, an ailment or an injury which could cause it to die.

SHEHITAH

SHEHITAH, THE JEWISH METHOD OF SLAUGHTERING ANIMALS

A digest of Dr. Moses Hyamson's article in the American Jewish Year Book, Vol. 25, p. 103 ff., and Rabbi Julius H. Greenstone's article in the Jew. Enc. XI, p. 253 ff.

The Jewish Law is called *Toras Hesed*, a law of kindness. Kindness and humanity are enjoined in it, not only towards our human fellow-creatures, but also towards the lower animals. This principle finds expression in numerous definite precepts and prohibitions.

Biblical and Talmudic Laws of Humanity — the weekly Sabbath day must be a day of rest, not only for human beings, but also for cattle: "that thine ox

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News in Views

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Above is seen the interior of a synagogue built at Hittim in Palestine which serves as the communal center of the Jewish pilgrims who have come to Hittim to make the ancient soil flow again with milk and honey.

P. & A. Photo

Saul Silverman, cab-driver and grand opera singer, in the top row to the right. His cab-driving and his singing are related. He drives the cab in order to earn funds for a trip to Italy to perfect his voice, which has great promise, according to those who have heard it in the performances of the Los Angeles Opera Association.

Photo by Underwood

The Jordan river is now to be made to perform a miracle. It is to be harnessed and made to furnish light and power for Palestine as well as water for the desert spots of the Holy Land. A scene from the River Jordan is pictured above.

The fine old gentleman who is pictured to the right is Cantor Seidel Rovner, age 71, a composer and Chazan, who recently visited the White House and presented the President with a musical version of Psalms of his own composition.

Photo by Underwood

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Above is none other than Roger Wolfe Kahn, son of Otto Kahn, financier and pillar of Metropolitan Opera. But the son goes in for jazz and has his own orchestra, with which he has been traveling about the country. However, young Kahn doesn't call it jazz. He says his music is ultra-modern or futuristic. He plays eighteen instruments and is here shown with one of them.

Photo by the Jewish Forward

The appealing picture above is that of Avromel Yablonka, who was a tailor in Russia. He was a failure at his work of mending clothes and now has turned to the task of training minds in cheder.

Above—The champion baseball team of Pisgah Lodge, Detroit. It won the Jewish fraternal organization pennant in Detroit by defeating the Jewish lodges of the Knights of Pythias and of the Masons.

And last, but by no means least, Benny Friedman. He needs no introduction. He is regarded as the outstanding star of the gridiron for 1926. He is the backbone of the University of Michigan team, of which he is also the captain. And there is another Jewish star in the Big Ten — Alex Klein, center, of Ohio State.

The Temple of Sciences

By E. David Goitein

A FEW years from now the subject matter of this story, I imagine, will have passed into antiquarian fields. The old Cairo, the Jewish Cairo of today, with which we are herein concerned, soon will have all but disappeared. The mania for mimicking the West already has half-ruined the ancient city. So that in writing of what is left of the Cairo of the past, one cannot help but feel that he is recording for posterity. There should be more written on the subject. I must confine myself to just a few impressions.

At the outset I will tell you of the first Jew I met in Cairo.

I was standing on the top of the Citadel where the Mosque of Muhammed Ali shows itself rather brazenly, a *parvenu* in comparison with the century-old mosques and pyramids that lie in its shade. The sun was setting, bright blood-red. Soon it was dark and I began to wind my way back through the old city into the new. I had not walked far when I realized that an elderly man, wearing very nondescript clothes, was following me. Whenever I turned he halted. It was too dark for me to see what sort of a man he was. I had been warned of the danger of walking alone after dark through these narrow lanes of the old city. I have always acted, however, on the assumption that unarmed men are never attacked. It is only those who show fight who are murdered. I usually adopt the cowardly and sensible course of shaking hands with him who would murder me. So I turned upon the assassin and asked him the way to my hotel; I knew the way better than he did. He bowed very low and answered in an Arabic which was so different from Cairene Arabic that I guessed he must be a foreigner. When I found him throwing Hebrew words into his conversation I began to realize that my bearded friend was a Jew.

"You are a Jew?" I asked.

He shook his head. I apologized.

"His eminence is a Christian?" he asked me.

I shook my head. He apologized.

"I misunderstood his eminence. I am a Jew."

Truth-telling is not essential in the East.

"His eminence," so he insisted in his politeness on calling me, "His eminence has not heard of my misfortune?"

"Which is?"

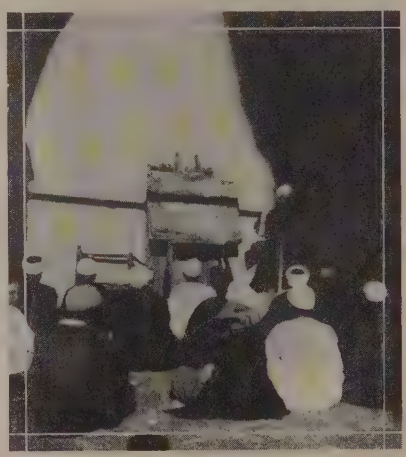
"It is the doing of the Devil—may Allah curse him."

"Indeed?"

"I was a teacher of our holy writing—of the Torah, does his eminence understand?"

He thought lightly of my learning! I reassured him.

"I had a school-room in which I taught wisdom. Many of the wisest and richest men of Cairo sent their



In the University

children to me—may God be merciful to them"—he put his hand to his eyes to show that he meant it, "and I taught them of Abram and Ee-sák (Isaac) and Ya-kópe (Jacob), peace be upon them. . . . Is his eminence listening?"

His eminence *was* listening.

"And one day as I was seated on the ground reading the sacred writings there came to my medrasa that scoundrel Poposkoulos—may the fires of Gehenna be lighted seven times for him—and there before all the sons of the wise men and rich men of Cairo he said of me that I was as one who was wicked, as one who did not repay the money owing from him, as one who contaminated the ground on which I sat. Does his eminence hear?"

"Yes. It was disgraceful."

"And why does his eminence think that Poposkoulos the Greek spoke in those words of me?"

"I don't know."

"Because I am a Yahoud (Jew), because I teach the Holy Writing, because he wants my room that he may sell his cheap and worthless wares. . ."

He had now worked himself into a frenzy and rolled off the tale of his woes with a rapidity and excitement which I could admire but could not understand. At the end of the tale he came close to me and gripped my sleeve.

"Poposkoulos is a scoundrel, your eminence."

"So it seems."

"What must I do now? I cannot teach. No one will come into my room—it is too small and dark—and the room I once had, that worshipper of the Devil has—Poposkoulos." With what a fine scorn he pronounced that name! "If only a wealthy man would give a hundred piastres, fifty piastres . . . . that I might hire a room . . . if only. . . ."

Should any of my readers come across Shiek Yusuf ibn Gehani, as my

A Cairene Jew

friend was called, perhaps he would remember me to him!

Back in my hotel I found a Jew in the lounge. He was not a Cairene. He was from Boston. I do not, therefore, give him a word here. He shall appear one day in that unwritten masterpiece, "Jewish Tourists in the East"! I found a note waiting for me from Dr. E——, the most courteous gentleman one could wish to meet in the East or West. He invited me to go with him to el-Azhar on the following day. I had been there

once and I have elsewhere described that visit. I was only too pleased of the opportunity of going again. For the story of el-Azhar is a strange one.

Hundreds of years ago Muhammedanism was splitting up into sects. Every live religion must. But schismatic communities are likely to prove a political nuisance. That is why Jews were so great a bother in the Middle Ages. They were such schismatics! It therefore struck a converted Jew that if the Muslims of the world were given a sound education in true doctrine, they would not break up into sects. He had a tragically naive belief in the power of education. "Let all men," such was the Jew's idea, "come to our University here in Cairo. Let us teach them what is good. We will charge them nothing—the results will be to the glory of Allah and for the easy governance of Your Majesty's subjects." Professors were brought in, the old Mosque became a college and from that day to this, thousands of students—from the age of seven to the age of seventy—have flocked year by year to receive instruction in the manner prescribed by that converted Jew.

Dr. E—— called for me early the following morning. We made our way to the old city. I asked about the old Genizah, the famous book-cemetery from which many priceless fragments of lost works have been recovered.

Dr. E—— smiled sadly, "We shall soon have to make a Genizah full of bits of paper for the benefit of tourists," he said. "Scholars, Jewish or non-Jewish want to see the Genizah; tourists intelligent or unintelligent want to see the Genizah; every American has his dollars ready to buy up bits of the Genizah. You do not seem to know that there is nothing left in the Genizah—nothing. The Cairo Genizah is in America. We have the name—they have the treasures."

I did not see the Genizah.

We had now reached the busy square in front of the age-old monument to that converted Jew! It is a mixture of architectural designs, wings have been added from time to time, but it is an inspiring building. Nowhere else in the world is there a university so strange as this. So sacred are its precincts that you must put on slippers before entering—just as if you were entering a mosque. Alternatively, you must go in barefooted, which is the way of most of the students.

As you enter the gates you find yourself in an unreal, fantastic atmosphere. The centuries fly away. You are back in the eleventh, twelfth century. You are seeing the same sort of world that Moses ben Maimon himself saw when he was in this city seven centuries ago.

There in that corner sits a small group cross-legged on the ground studying mediaeval medicine. The "professor" is a man with a green turban who holds in his hand a tattered copy of an Arabic translation of a pseudo-Aristotelian work on herbs. There sits another smaller group fighting its way through the maze of algebra and noting down from time to time certain figures on scraps of paper. But this great college was built for the study of the Koran. Let us therefore see with what success they do this. The youngest 'class' is composed of eight boys ranging in age from seven to twelve. The teacher is a boy, perhaps thirteen, possibly fourteen. Two of his pupils were asleep when we arrived. The teacher gave them a good kick and they awoke to their work with becoming alacrity.

"Ya Bani Israi-ladhkuru ni matiyallati an amtu alaikum, wa anni faddaltu —kum alal alamin."

"O ye children of Israel! Remember my blessing with which I blessed you. How I exalted you above all peoples."

That is all this class has to do—repeat monotonously those sacred verses which every Muslim must know by heart. It is dispiriting enough, but the youngsters amuse themselves by pinching their neighbours, by falling asleep and by shouting the verses louder than need be. Many get no higher than this class.

Synagogue at Cairo

The higher standards read the commentaries as well as the text, the learned read the commentaries on the commentaries and some even reach that excellent state of happiness when they can read the super-commentaries written upon the super-commentaries. In a space of 1,400 years, scholars will bury any text under a tonful of notes!

We were taken at last by our Arab sheikh into that dimly-lighted chamber where but a few men can go. Only those who have followed all the courses of this fantastic university and know everything that books can tell them, Koran, Mohammedan Law, Algebra, Medicine, and last, but not of least importance, Alchemy—only such scholars may enter the room we are now in. There are five men here. They live in contemplation—"fantasiya"—picture-building. They have no books. They just day-dream. It is a tragic sight. They look as if they might be madmen. A strange leer is on their faces, a lifelessness that is all but unbearable. They walk slowly up and down, or lie on the floor, propped against the wall. . . It is too much like the Inferno. . . Come away. . . .

We left this century-old varsity.

"What a waste of effort!" I said to Dr. E——. "All that learning spent on fruitless research, wandering in the arid desert of the Koran and its commentaries, meandering through the stupid paths of alchemy. . . I don't think much of our *Meshummad* for building a college like this!"

Dr. E—— smiled—it is a captivating smile.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes I am. It is too hot not to be."

"Come, now, think for a moment. Have not we Jews done the same thing? Have we not spent breathless days and sleepless nights over some casuistical hair-splitting point in the Talmud?"

"I do not defend it."

"You may say so. But would there have been a single Jew worth that—" and he snapped his fingers—"if we had not done so? You may shake your head. But these people see more in their studies from the inside than you can possibly dream of—from the outside. . . . Think it over."

I am thinking it over.

Yiddish Best Sellers of the Past—Dienesohn and Spektor

By Sarah Goldberg

A DECADE or so ago, the Eastern European Ghettos too, had their best sellers, their most popular and beloved books. But these were not the works of the great trio, Mendele Mochar Seforim, Sholom Aleichem and Peretz. The masses wanted to be amused, to laugh, even to be taught, but not in the manner of these writers. For the classicists wrote to the people and not for them. These authors belonged to an age different from, and culturally more advanced than, the one in which they lived. Their work, therefore, appealed to the more educated and intelligent minority who could understand their philosophy and appreciate their art.

Writers who were spiritually and culturally not far removed from the people, yet who possessed deep insight into the real and dream-life of the masses were likely to produce the best sellers. Among these were Dienesohn and Spektor. Honest, serious-minded, yet unburdened with much originality or with temperaments, they were able to write sane, wholesome, a little-above-mediocre books that the people could understand and enjoy. Dick and Shomer, the earlier folk writers had gained their popularity by appealing to the inferior instincts and to the more primitively artistic conceptions of the masses. Higher-minded and better artists, Dienesohn and Spektor also gave the people what they wanted, but at the same time something that aroused their æsthetic desires.

The thing for a writer to do, if his books were to become best sellers, was not to offend or confuse his readers with ideas and values contrary to the traditions and beliefs most dear to them. If he were to introduce new ideals it was to be by slow, calm methods and not by attacking or ridiculing the old. His heroes and heroines must be perfect beings, the very personification of all the secret longings and aspirations of the reader. The situations and conditions described were to be most interesting and alluring. And above all, the dream life of the people, their suppressed desires and ambitions were to be consummated in the books they read. The masses had no objections to being taught or lectured to by the authors.

Jacob Dienesohn

But the approach was to be simple and inoffensive. Dienesohn and Spektor fulfilled all these requirements.

Jacob Dienesohn's uniqueness and originality lay in his creation of lachrymose, sentimental novels in which the villains and unscrupulous characters were always victorious while the innocent and good suffered and were wronged. Peculiar it was that a people should find great enjoyment in crying, in reading of sorrow and of the triumph of evil over good. Scarcely among any other people could a writer hope to write a best seller without a happy end. But positive pleasure was unrelated to the Ghetto psychology.

So Dienesohn's heroes and heroines are always unfortunate; the bad characters successful; romances are frustrated; the moods are gloomy and the situations tragic. His readers finished reading his novels with tear-stained countenances, but strangely, pathetically strange, they were the happier for it and most thankful to the author.

The love story was a difficult problem for the popular writers of the Ghetto. Love, the greatest factor in the novels of the Occident, was unknown to the Pale. The Ghetto views on marriage, the relationship between the sexes, and social and economic customs did not foster love. Yet, there it was in the soul of these people as in others.

The subject, therefore, had to be used, since it was a desire ever present in the young people's subconsciousness, but it was to follow a sane course. The dreams and hopes of the lovers seldom materialized, and seldom were there any scenes of love-making, since it was unethical and uncustomary. The lovers, though always parted and disillusioned, never committed suicide but lived through their disappointment, married, reared families, and were happy.

Mordecai Spektor

Already, in his first work, "The Dark Young Man," Dienesohn introduced his curious contribution to the plot in novel writing. The "Dark Young Man" is a villain of the first magnitude, who would not hesitate to commit any crime in order to further his plans which were to get the greatest share of his stepfather's wealth. Thus he severs the love affair between his step-sister, Rose, and the poor, young, handsome Yeshivah bochur, by accusing him of a crime. The unhappy lover is sent to prison for life. Three years later, Rose is forced by the Dark Young Man into a marriage with an "idiot." On the night of the marriage her lover comes back. But it does not occur to our hero either to prevent the marriage, to prove his innocence, to revenge himself upon the Dark Young Man and finally, to elope with the bride. This would have been the usual and expected ending for a best seller.

Dienesohn's hero for a time does

nothing but brood. Then one day he sees his former sweetheart's younger sister who in the meantime had grown into beautiful womanhood and who resembles Rose. He falls in love with her and she, too, loves him. Through her encouragement, he goes away to study and five years later returns a physician. The romantic Ghetto reader preferred the returning hero to be not a triumphant warrior, nor a millionaire, nor a famous actor or artist, but a physician or a lawyer. The younger, Russified group wanted their hero to be a daring revolutionary.

The doctor is enthusiastically greeted by his sweetheart and her parents. However, the Dark Young Man is still to be reckoned with. One night he sets fire to his step-father's home. The physician catches cold in his attempt to save his fiancee and dies. She dies of a broken heart, and her parents also die of sorrow. The guilt is placed on a thief who is duly punished. And the Dark Young Man, unharmed by all his evil doing, becomes richer and more powerful and respected in the village.

All of Dienesohn's early novels have this strange plot. The endings are sad.

In a later novel, "Hershele," the plot and conditions are similar though there is a literary and artistic improvement. This novel also deals with love. Hershele is a Yeshivah bochur. This class of young men were most prone to fall in love since their's was a more secluded and barren life. They were always mendicants, thoughtful and philosophic, and by their peculiar economic conditions, more likely to meet young women. That is, they sat at the table with the daughters of their host of one day in the week. The young and beautiful daughter of the home and the mendicant student are expected to fall in love with each other. Though there must never be any actual love-making, their eyes are permitted to converse and express love. But the best sellers would not have a poor Yeshivah bochur marry the daughter of his rich benefactor. That would be contrary to social customs and very unreal.

So Hershele, sitting each Wednesday at Brindele's, the rich widow's table, adores her beautiful daughter, Mirele. Hershele is handsome and refined, and he has such a beautiful voice and Mirele loves him. They never speak to each other. Merely look and fear and worship. But Mirele is daring. She sends him some expensive clothing saying it is from an unknown rich aunt. Her mother is impressed by Hershele's new clothes and thinking that he comes of a rich family, invites him to spend the week of Passover at her house.

During that whole week nothing really happens between the lovers except one hand shake and that only after the "seder" which Hershele has conducted. Nevertheless there is much gossip in the village. And finally, Mirele's uncle who had heard of it and who is certain that Brindele would never permit her daughter to marry a poor Yeshivah bochur, stages a coup in which he has the police raid the Talmudical school in search of students without passports. Hershele, having none, is sent back to his home town. The story ends with the deportation of our hero. It is a sad, unsatisfactory ending for the lovers, but the readers are contented. They have seen and felt the love of Hershele and Mirele and that was sufficient. No social taboos or conventions were violated in the story and that, too, was good.

In spite of the sentimental, tear-pumping novels which he wrote, Dienesohn was an artist. And that is shown in his portrayal of secondary characters whom he makes more artistically real. In his descriptions of scenes and conditions of life, too, he is artistic, for here he was not so completely motivated by his odd desire to sentimentalize and wring tears. His secondary characters are simple, true, and real and have much rustic beauty and pathos. In one of his novels there is a scene in which a poor melamed, Shimel, who in drinking the first glass of milk his goat has given him, is truly sorry that the Rabbis had composed the same prayer of thankfulness for water as for milk. He would have wanted to make the same "broche" over his goat's milk as for wine.

If the people enjoyed lachrymose themes and wanted simple, elementary emotions in the books they read, they also demanded something that would move them to philosophic thought.

In a large number of his sketches and stories, Dienesohn satisfied this more cultured need of the Yiddish readers. As an example of this class of his writing can be taken one of his longer stories, "Yosele," which describes the life of a sentimental boy whose parents are very poor. His father is sick. His mother works day and night but cannot make ends meet. She is behind in her payments for Yosele's tuition. And the boy is ill-treated by his teacher. He is hurt when he sees with what respect and kindliness the tutor treats the richer and better dressed boys of the class.

One day Yosele finds several rubels which he gives to his mother. After the melamed is paid, Yosele is pleasantly astonished to see how differently his teacher behaves toward him. Then, too, it is warm at home and there is enough bread to eat. Yosele begins to understand. Too soon, however, the dream ends for the money is gone. And again there is not enough food and heat in the home and again Yosele is ill-treated by his teacher.

One day he sees some pennies fall from his teacher's pocket. Seeing the money, Yosele remembers the brief period of comfort and kindliness which he had enjoyed. He picks up the pennies and takes them to his mother saying that he had found them in the street. But she sees that he is lying and makes him confess. Yosele returns the money to the melamed. The children now call him thief and will not play with him. He is expelled from school and no other melamed will take him since his mother is unable to pay his tuition and they now have a good excuse.

The story ends in the true Dienesohn fashion. Yosele's parents die of shame. Left alone he wanders in the street, picking up crumbs and sleeping in the synagogue. And, on a frosty afternoon, Yosele dies in the street of starvation and cold.

The works of Mordecai Spektor, another producer of best sellers, earned their immense popularity by a different, perhaps, æsthetically higher appeal to the masses. Spektor's novels were realistic, well mixed with the type of sentimentality that both Dienesohn and Shomer exploited.

Spektor wrote mainly about the lower strata of Ghetto society, of the artisan and the provincial. He made no pretensions. He frankly wrote for the common class. Knowing the folk psychology he, too, gave them what they wanted. But that was slightly different from what Dienesohn gave them.

His early novels contain a multitude of sins common to all folk romances of his age. Like Dienesohn, Spektor, too, in this first stage, could not overcome his desire to sermonize quite openly and argumentatively. For instance, in "The Yiddish Cossacks," he parades the idea that the Jews will be happier only when they will return to the soil and that the ideal homeland is Palestine. In a later novel, "The Kalikes," his heroine is Eda, a personification of

the younger generation of Maskilim who seek to modernize themselves not for their own good, but in the hope of thus serving their people. She champions the idea of teaching trades and professions to the younger generation instead of forcing its members to become "cripples." A young woman must learn useful work rather than wait for a husband, who, as a "cripple," marries her only for her dowry and for the few years of board in the home of his wife's parents.

But even in the first stage of Spektor's writings there is an improvement over the novels of the other folk writers. He is more real, more logical, and more tolerant. His stories contain none of the usual flashy, flowery phrases and superfluous words. And his style is as simple, as unadorned and as clear as is the life he depicts.

The treatment of the subject of love in his novels is similar to Dienesohn's. The love, dreams and hopes of his heroes are seldom realized. They get over their infatuation in the manner prescribed by religious and social conventions. They get married and beget children. Thus in his novel, "The Fashionable Shoemaker," Hershel, the simple, good-natured apprentice of the rich shoemaker, Susshe, is not destroyed by the scorn with which his employer's daughter listens to his love. She marries a dandy, the son of a respected rich merchant. Perhaps through poetic justice, Spektor has her become poor after her supposedly fortunate marriage. At any rate, her father-in-law becomes bankrupt, and since her husband has never learned a trade, her father has to support them all. On the other hand, Hershel, the shunned lover, leaves Susshe, opens a shoe shop and becomes richer and more successful than his former employer.

One day, as Hershele walks on the square, he notices that his former sweetheart's sister is even more beautiful than she was. He falls in love with her, woos and wins her. Hershel prospers and even helps to support her family including his former sweetheart. The plot is threadbare, mediocre, and not much different from Dienesohn's. But the ending is what comes nearest to a happy and romantic one.

However, Spektor's peculiar appeal and contribution lie in his numerous, simple, realistic sketches of the life of provincial people, of the little men and women who had thus far been untouched by the new, disturbing wave of modernism. And there, on the little farms and in the villages they lived a spiritually and socially protected life, a life that had been the same for centuries. Melancholy, pathetic, plain-spoken tales pervaded with simple lives and simple people. No glamor nor color nor disillusionment in them, yet they are saturated with an inner beauty and pulsating life. If the readers were not as thrilled by these stories as by his or Dienesohn's so-called romantic novels, they nevertheless found much enjoyment in them.

Spektor's stories were popular. The pathos, the inner goodness and kindliness of the naive people depicted, the comedy and tragedy of their lives touched a sympathetic chord in the readers who felt a kinship to these creatures of Spektor's imagination.

"Reb Tritle" and "Die Brilen" can be taken as examples of the better and more finished of his short stories. In "Reb Tritel" we see how a small, unimportant event revolutionized the life of a whole village. A calamity has happened—the bath house has burned and there is small hope of rebuilding it as the village is too poor. What is to be done? A Jewish community cannot exist without a "mikwe." The women, particularly, must have one not so much for sanitary purposes as for ritual ablutions. There is an exodus to a nearby village which has a bath house. And thereby Reb Tritel, the only drayman in the village, and hitherto a starving, unknown and unimportant citizen, springs into prominence. His new activities and prosperity make him feel quite important. He becomes authoritative, even autocratic in his behavior to the women passengers. And they, sorely dependent upon him, soon learn to treat him with deference. Reb Tritel is happy for now he not only does a good business, but what is more important, he has become a respected and much needed member of the community.

In "Die Brilen" Spektor gives us a psychological study of the Ghetto variation of the Amazon of the female species. Sarah Pesi has lost her glasses on the eve of the Day of Atonement. She is greatly worried for without her glasses she will not be able to pray. It is up to her exclusively to pray. So she repeats parts of prayers, benedictions and lamentations not belonging to the Yom Kippur prayers. But now she is at peace. For she knows that God can understand her and will answer her prayers even though she is not reciting the exact ones.

In a novelette, "Two Companions," Spektor's style is at its best. It is a story about two beautiful girls who, as children, were very close friends. But when they reached early womanhood, Perele becomes jealous of Rosele who is more attractive to the gymnasium students. She quarrels with the seamstress accusing her of making Rosele's dresses more becoming. And finally when she can no longer contain her jealousy, the friendship is broken.

At thirty-five, Resele and Perele are more alike and closer to each other than at sixteen. Both had married, had been unhappy, had suffered, and had worked hard. Nevertheless, Rosele is still the more beautiful and attractive. Twenty-five years later, when they are both old, they are again the best of friends. In old age as in childhood, there are no jealousies between them. Now they look alike. Both Perele and Rosele are bent, wrinkled and toothless. Again they have the same seamstress and their dresses are similar. Rosele has become parched and bent from living too intensely while Perele, from not living at all.

As is the nature of best sellers, the works of Dienesohn and Spektor are more valuable as indices to the development of Yiddish literature than for their literary or cultural merit. Nevertheless, they were far in advance of other best sellers. In construction, style, vocabulary, even in the choice of plot and incidents, they surpass the productions of Shomer and Dick.

The popularity of the works of Dienesohn and Spektor was indicative of the rapidly developing literary taste of the Yiddish reading public. It is astonishing that such books could have become best sellers only a few decades after the birth of a Yiddish literature.

THE mother of Leo Braun has requested the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE to ascertain his present address. Mr. Braun, a Ben B'rith, formerly lived in Milford, Utah.

Any reader knowing his whereabouts is requested to communicate with the Editor of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, 40 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Printed Page

"Joyful Jeremiads," by Louis I. Newman. (The Lantern Press, Gelber-Lilienthal, Inc., San Francisco.)

THAT poetry may go hand in hand with oratory is well known, for oratory is the sublimest poetry of the soul. But that poetry may accompany scholarship — for the author combines the triple qualities of orator, scholar and poet—that is unusual.

The present collection is a most delightful gathering of poems. All of them are built about the Jewish motif. Now it is a rabbinic legend, now it is a Jewish child upon the street, now it is the Jewish holiday. Jeremy is a little lad, who to the poet rabbi is very near—possibly his own child. Unlike the Jeremiads of old, replete with sorrows and plaints, this is an assemblage of "Joyful Jeremiads," whose lines are tinged with a touch of easy gaiety and droll jollity.

As a work of pure art, it is poetry of the highest grade, possessing a character of elusiveness, a sense of dreamy intangibility, and whose abundant images glide along almost imperceptibly. We must not omit to mention the numerous illustrations which, for quaintness and oriental background, are a perfect match to the poems they accompany.

All in all, it is a fine volume for the Jewish lad, whether in home or in school, and a treat for all lovers of pure poetry.

"Kiddush Ha-Shem"—An Epic of 1648, by Sholom Ash. Translated by Rufus Learsi. (The Jewish Publication Society of America.)

IT IS many years now since the Jewish Publication Society has brought out a book of so fine a fiction. It is a translation from the Yiddish of Sholom Ash of a masterpiece of literature, "Kiddush Ha-Shem," or as we should say in free English, "To the Glory of God."

It is a story of the seventeenth century, of Jews who lived in the then "no man's land," where Polish land ended and the Russian steppes has not yet begun, built in to the tale of wild Cossack tribes beginning their onslaught into westernized Poland. There is Mendel and his wife, their son and the latter's bride Deborah, all of them plain devoted Jews, actuated by the simple yet forceful discipline of Jewish traditions, reaching a climax where Deborah, rather than be Cossack's bride, chooses to be the bride of death instead.

All the Jewish ceremonials and customs are told in marvelous detail. The story itself moves, now slowly now rapidly towards the inevitable end. Over it all, and pervading the pathos of humble Jewish families, we are aware of a sense of insecurity, that like Democles' sword, hovers with a blackness of the Golus. We ought to be thankful to the Publication Society for making accessible to English speaking readers a bit of Yiddish fiction so admirably chosen.

"Tramping Through Palestine" (Impressions of an American Student in Israeland), by Milton J. Goell. (Kensington Press, New York, N. Y., Publishers.)

THAT Palestine is fast becoming the focus of interest of the Jewry of the world is proved by the above book. When an American Jewish college student chooses for his hiking ground, not the mountains and dales of the United States, nor the densely populated countries of western Europe, but deliberately proceeds to Palestine, and there, in the familiar hiking outfit so well known to the American wayfarer, tramps up and down the Holy Land, then it is proof sufficient that Palestine has stirred the imagination of some of our American Jewish youths.

The account is note-worthy for several reasons. It is a tale, charmingly written. There are no statistics to weary the reader's mind. No pretense at scholarship, no attempt at official investigation, nor propaganda in favor of anything, no essay at criticism or praise of Zionism. It is, as the title suggests, just a "tramping through," on foot,—even though not refusing a lift by donkey or a train ride whenever necessary. Parenthetically, we tremble to think what would have become of the "hike" had the author encountered, as we do in America, cordial automobilists eager to give a lift.

But, anyhow, it is on foot, meeting the "Chalutz" a-working, the farmer's wife laboring in her home, the Arab workman tilling the vineyard, meeting women and children, not stopping at inns or hotels, but accepting the humble and freely given hospitality in the tent of a Jewish pioneer, in the little library of the "Kwutza"—in the valley of Jezreel, by the sea of Galilee or in the hills of Judea. It is a tramp through the Jewish colonies only from "Dan to B'er Sheba," confining itself entirely to the new "Yishub," the agricultural settlements of the Holy Land.

The author is the son of a well known Jewish communal worker and philanthropist of New York, a student of Harvard, and, possessing a knowledge of Hebrew, easily traverses the colonies from end to end. We are with him, never aware of timetables nor of trains, of baggage nor of passports, just as though we ourselves are with him "Tramping Through."

It is a wholesome and refreshing account. For its directness and human note, for its artistry and grace, let alone for its Jewish value, it ought to be a treasured book.

PHILIP A. LANGH.

Laughs From Jewish Lore, by Jacob Richman. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City.)

THERE have been few enough volumes that depict the true character of the humorous side of the Jew. Libraries, generally speaking, contain literature that enables the reader to laugh at the Jew, but they are poor in material that affords one a laugh with him.

Thus the volume by Jacob Richman fills a real need. It is a collection of jokes revealing the peculiar humor of the Jew which is derived largely from the process of reasoning ad absurdum.

Besides the delightful traditional yarns familiar to the Jewish elders, the book contains a section of funny stories that have developed from modern Jewish life.

B'nai B'rith Continues Florida Relief

B'NAI B'RITH Lodges thus far have contributed a total of $2,138.50 for the relief of hurricane sufferers in Florida. These donations were in response to an appeal by the Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge, which appropriated a sum of $5,000 from the Emergency Fund of the Order for rehabilitation work among Jewish sufferers in Florida.

The following are the donors:

New York Lodge No. 1, New York City; Ft. Smith Lodge No. 306, Ft. Smith, Ark.; McKeesport Lodge No. 573, McKeesport, Pa.; Lorain Lodge No. 863, Lorain, Ohio; Zacharias Frankel Lodge No. 242, Galveston, Texas; Reading Lodge, Reading, Pa.; Wabash Lodge No. 292, Wabash, Ind.; Asariah Lodge No. 164, New York City; Simon Wolf Lodge No. 937, Chester, Pa.; Joshua Lodge No. 23, Philadelphia, Pa.; Emanuel Lodge No. 103, Montgomery, Ala.; Armstrong Lodge No. 770, Kittanning, Pa.; Gan Eden Lodge, Terre Haute, Ind.; Saginaw Lodge No. 636, Saginaw, Mich.; Springfield Lodge No. 717, Springfield, Mo.; United Cities Lodge, Joplin, Mo.; Gilead Lodge No. 41, Milwaukee, Wis.; Joseph Lodge No. 73, St. Joseph, Mo.; Herzl Lodge No. 608, Houston, Texas; Maimonides Lodge No. 809, Liberty, N. Y.; San Jose Lodge No. 868, San Jose, Cal.; Emek Berucha Lodge No. 61, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Manasseh Lodge No. 202, Jackson, Mich.; Jordan Lodge No. 15, New York City; Salem Lodge No. 894, Salem, Mass.; Collinsville Lodge No. 1037, Collinsville, Ind.; Thisbe Lodge No. 24, Evansville, Ind.; Pittsfield Lodge No. 326, Pittsfield, Mass.; New Castle Lodge No. 609, New Castle, Pa.; Jackson, Michigan, Lodge No. 807, Jackson, Mich.; Chananiah Lodge No. 165, New York City; Rehoboth Lodge, New York City; Seattle Lodge No. 503, Seattle, Wash.; Jacksonville, Jacksonville, Fla.; Birmingham Lodge No. 368, Birmingham, Ala.; Abraham Geiger Lodge No. 423, Spokane, Wash.; Zerubbabel Lodge No. 53, Rochester, N. Y.; Louisiana Lodge, Shreveport, La.; Louisville Lodge, Louisville, Ky.; Monongahela Valley Lodge No. 776, Monessen, Pa., and Jephthah Lodge No. 143, Patterson, N. J.

Additional donations were received from Sigma Omega Zeta Fraternity, Cincinnati, Ohio; Henry M. Were, Cincinnati, and from the Federation of Jewish Charities, Terre Haute, Ind.

The contributions made through B'nai B'rith have been forwarded to the Jewish Rehabilitation Committee of Miami, but will be kept in a separate fund, and whatever remains after all needs are met, will be transferred to the Emergency Fund of the B'nai B'rith.

One hundred and eighty-five cases have been reported to the Rehabilitation Committee as needing financial assistance. Florida Jews are doing their best to help themselves by contributing to a fund being raised locally under the leadership of Mr. Apte.

Because of lack of funds, the Rehabilitation Committee is able to allow a maximum of $200 to a family, instead of $500, as originally planned.

The Committee is extending loans to worthy merchants and small tradesmen. Miss Anna H. Saltzman, Executive Secretary of the Committee, reports.

Latest information from Florida states that no further funds are needed, as the communities consider themselves able to cope with the situation.

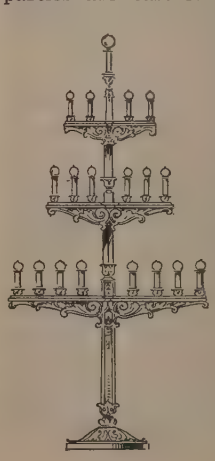
Chanuka Observance in Seattle

THE approach of the Christmas season gives rise to a perplexing problem which annually confronts many parents of Jewish children. The holiday joy that comes to Christian children naturally proves highly alluring to their Jewish playmates. Thus it happens that each year many Jewish children innocently participate in the celebration of a Christian holiday, in the presence of symbolism that must convey a Christian significance to young minds. Even in some Jewish homes, Christmas trees may be found.

The celebration of Chanuka with parties and gifts may serve as counter-attractions for Jewish children, but there remains the Christmas tree which is inseparably associated with the Christian holiday and can in no way be adapted to Chanuka.

The question has received the serious consideration of Rabbi Samuel Koch, of Temple De Hirsch, Seattle, Washington, and after five years of work on a plan that would utilize the holiday spirit and at the same time emphasize the Chanuka tradition, he has produced an object which is proving its value. He has designed a "Community Menorah Tree," which is used for Chanuka celebrations at the Temple, and is loaned for parties at other centers and in private homes.

Going further, Rabbi Koch has produced other appurtenances symbolic of Chanuka. He has designed seals for invitations to Chanuka parties, and even the candies used at these parties are cast in symbolic moulds.



This year Chanuka occurs early and therefore cannot serve as a substitute for Christmas, but such a plan as Rabbi Koch has adopted deserves serious consideration for the future and will undoubtedly prove to be a valuable contribution to the preservation of Jewish tradition.

News of the Lodges

(B. B. Messenger.)
B'nai B'rith Building, Los Angeles

"HASHOMER," a magazine published by Aleph Zadik Aleph, junior order of B'nai B'rith, for the entire Jewish community of Grand Rapids, Mich., has made its appearance.

The worthy ideal of "Hashomer," as expressed in an editorial, is to serve as an "influence that will make of Grand Rapids Jewry one homogeneous group. The particular task of A. Z. A. in Grand Rapids," the editorial continues, "is to unite in a single cause all the Jews of that city."

* * *

CAPTAIN LEON SCHWARZ, a prominent Ben B'rith of Mobile, Ala., has been elected to the city commission of that city. Strangely enough, Captain Schwarz had the endorsement of the local Ku Klux Klan. His unswerving courage in enforcing the law at the polls when he was county sheriff, turned his foes into friends.

* * *

WITH the sympathetic understanding acquired through suffering, the new immigrant colony of Jews in Mexico City has contributed $100 to the Joint Distribution Committee through the B'nai B'rith for the relief of Jews in Eastern Europe.

The contribution was sent to Rabbi Martin Zielonka, of El Paso, representative of the B'nai B'rith work in Mexico.

A letter to Rabbi Zielonka from Dr. A. King, of Mexico City, which accompanied the check, stated:

"We are sending you this money because we know of the great interest you have shown and the help you have extended our colony in Mexico and it will be a pleasure to you to know that our colony is now in a position to help others."

* * *

MAX BRODKEY, a prominent Ben B'rith of Sioux City, Ia., was acclaimed the outstanding community worker among the city's Jewry, at a dinner arranged in his honor recently. Mr. Brodkey's efforts on behalf of his people extend over a period of 34 years. He is founder and general secretary of the Federation of Jewish Social Service of Sioux City.

* * *

UNDER the presidency of Louis W. Osterweis, District Grand Lodge No. 1 is increasing its activities. With the opening of the new season, the various lodges are buzzing with newly awakened spirit.

New York Lodge, which is a consolidation of most of the former lodges of Manhattan Island, is arranging a banquet for all members, to be held this month, and is preparing a novel meeting for December, to be known as "Hillel Night," and which will be conducted under the auspices of the younger generation. All lodges in the metropolitan district will be invited to this meeting.

The Bronx Lodge was host to all New York lodges on November 17, when Judge Julian W. Mack was the speaker.

President Osterweis has organized a new lodge in Washington Heights, with the Men's Club of the Temple of the Covenant as a nucleus. The older Washington Heights lodge will hold a dance at the Astor Hotel this month for all B'nai B'rith in the city.

Arrangements are being made for a joint temple meeting in December.

* * *

HON. ALFRED M. COHEN, president of the Constitution Grand Lodge, spoke at the first of this year's B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation services, at Ohio State University, Columbus, October 3rd.

A large number of local residents as well as Jewish students attended the service, and President Cohen was enthusiastically received by the community in general.

President Cohen also spoke at Jewish services at Ohio State Penitentiary.

* * *

FRIENDS and fellow B'nai B'rith of the late Abner Wagman, sympathize with his mother, brother and sisters in their bereavement upon his recent death. Brother Wagman was a member of the Denver Lodge.

* * *

ALEPH ZADIK ALEPH, the junior organization of the B'nai B'rith, is lending its support to the parent body's new program of intellectual advancement. The junior order has outlined a program which includes a discussion of the play "The Dybbuk" with tableaux, and a talk on Chassidism, supplemented by Chassidic songs, dances and stories.

* * *

"DADDY" ADOLPH FREUND, of Detroit, was given a testimonial dinner by the Board of Directors of the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home last month, upon his retirement from the presidency of the institution.

Mr. Freund is the most beloved member of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith and the testimonial was a sincere manifestation of the affection with which he is regarded by his friends, co-workers and by the children of the home. About 200 persons attended, including representatives of Districts No. 2 and 6 of the B'nai B'rith.

The children staged a charming little entertainment and sang songs that were written especially in honor of "Daddy."

Mr. Freund served the home devotedly for many years. He recently declined re-election. He has been succeeded by Mr. Fred Lazarus, Jr., of Columbus.

* * *

THE following are extracts from a history of the Grand Lodge of the Women's Auxiliaries of District No. 4 of I.O.B.B. written by Mrs. Rose Cohen, of Seattle, Washington:

Mrs. Rose Cohen

"In 1922 at the convention at Sacramento, the delegates of the various auxiliaries of District No. 4 decided to start a movement toward forming a Woman's Fraternal Order along the lines of B'nai B'rith work. A Central Committee was formed.

"At the Sixty-third Annual Convention of the I. O. B. B., the Central Committee was granted a change of name, so that this Central Committee now is known as the Grand Lodge of the Women's Auxiliaries of District No. 4 of I. O. B. B.

"The officers for this year are Mrs. Bessie Copeland, of Spokane, president; Mrs. Birdie Stodel, of Los Angeles, first vice-president; Mrs. Pearl Rubinstein, of Portland, second vice-president; Mrs. Rose Mauser, San Francisco, treasurer; Miss Frances Roller, Spokane, secretary, and Miss Mollie Segal, Portland, and Miss Essie Salomon, San Francisco, assistant secretaries."

Across The Seas

ECONOMIC depression in Europe has caused the interest of foreign lodges to center largely in charitable enterprises. Leopolis Lodge, of Lemberg, has established a fund which will be applied to various philanthropic causes, and to which members contribute in proportion to their financial circumstances.

* * *

A WOMEN'S organization known as "B'noth B'rith," is affiliated with the Constantinople lodge. The women's group was founded in 1923 with 15 members. Now it has about 80.

Though originally intending to admit only wives, daughters and sisters of B'nai B'rith, the women's organization now has become more inclusive and one-fourth of its members have no relatives in the parent order.

In the second year of the existence of the B'noth B'rith, committees on social work, intellectual advancement and entertainment began to function.

The committee on social work has raised a sum of 730 Turkish pounds, the beginning of a fund which will be used for relief activities.

The committee on intellectual advancement has aranged evenings of lectures by prominent scientific men and artists.

Through Dr. Yakir Behar, who, until his recent removal to Milan, was Grand Secretary of District Grand Lodge No. XI, the B'noth B'rith has formed a contact with its sister organization in New York City. The American group asked the Constantinople society to interest itself in a number of young Russian Jewish girls who were on their way to America and were detained in Constantinople.

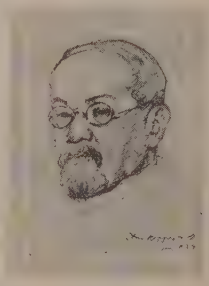
The girls were found to be living in dangerous circumstances, and the B'noth B'rith assumed the obligation as guardians of these girls. Some of them have received permission to emigrate and a few are still awaiting necessary papers.

The experience that the organization had on this occasion gave rise to the idea of founding a home for young girls who are threatened with delinquency. With the aid of the Grand Lodge of the district, the B'noth B'rith hopes some day to be able to erect such a home.

Members lend their assistance at a clinic for indigent sick, which has been founded by the Jewish Physicians' Association.

In Memoriam

"NOTHING that is human, nothing that is Jewish, is alien to me."



Dr. Ehrmann.

These words of Dr. Salomon Ehrmann of Vienna, late president of District No. 12, are immortalized with his name.

Almost until the day of his death recently, Dr. Ehrmann gave of his extraordinary talents for humanity and his fellow Jews.

Salomon Ehrmann was born December 19, 1854, on a small farm in Bohemia. After receiving a Hebrew and elementary education at home, he attended the gymnasium at Pisek, and then the University of Vienna, where he studied medicine.

At the University his excellent scientific drawings and accurate microscopic work won him an appointment as laboratory demonstrator.

In 1888 he was appointed lecturer on dermatology and social diseases at the University of Vienna. About this time he wrote those scientific works, which, translated in various languages, spread his renown throughout the world.

In 1901 he became a full professor at the university and head dermatologist of the largest hospital in Vienna. He devoted himself to public health, and physicians from all over the world came to study under him.

His services during the war as head of one of the largest military hospitals won him the distinguished title of *Hofrat*.

He always remained a loyal Jew and was ever ready to aid poor Jewish students. The Vienna Jewish community elected him its cultural leader.

He was one of the charter members of Vienna Lodge, I. O. B. B., editor of the magazine of District No. 10, and, in 1911, was elected President of the District.

When the dual monarchy was divided in 1919, and District No. 12 was organized, Dr. Ehrmann became its president.

A great man, a great scientist, a great humanitarian and a great Jew has passed.

A RECENT issue of the publication of the Grand Lodge of Germany contains the following news:

The Prussian Secretary of Health publicly commended the Maternity Hospital sponsored by the women's organization of the Berlin lodges. This recognition authorizes the hospital to train obstetrical nurses. After two years of study at the hospital they take a State examination and are then recognized as registered infants' nurses. The hospital contains eighty-five beds for mothers, and graduates six nurses each year.

The Women's Auxiliary of Frankfort-on-Main maintains an employment bureau for the widows and daughters of B'nai B'rith members, obtaining positions for them in domestic, educational and mercantile fields. The bureau also keeps a list of proper boarding places in all the larger cities

* * *

MORAVIA Lodge, Brunn, Czechoslovakia, observed its thirtieth birthday by dedicating a lodge building of its own. The occasion was fittingly celebrated with festivities that lasted from October 30th to November 1st.

* * *

B'NAI B'RITH Lodges in Eastern and Central Europe devote themselves largely to protecting members and their relatives against need. Esra Lodge, of Bielitz, recently put into operation a Widows' and Orphans' Fund, which will care for the survivors of deceased members. Each brother is obliged to pay fifty cents a month, and, at his death, the sum of $250.00 is paid to his widow or nearest relative.

* * *

LIKE the American lodges, the English B'nai B'rith lodges are confronted with the problem of increasing active participation by the members in the work of the order.

The First Lodge of England devoted its meeting in October to a discussion of this problem. And as determined by the Wider Scope Committee of the B'nai B'rith, the English lodge, too, has concluded that interest of the members may be gained through the presentation of Jewish cultural programs at meetings.

My Impressions of European Jewry

By Alfred A. Benesch

NOTWITHSTANDING that my parents were born in Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia), and that I had imbided much of first hand information about European institutions and traditions, it was perhaps inevitable that my first visit to Europe should be an "eye-opener."

Let me say at the outset, however, that one impressive fact stands out pre-eminently. European Jewry is far more intensely Jewish than is American Jewry. Whether that may be attributed to the sufferings endured by our brethren during and since the war, to greater reverence for ceremonialism and ritualism than has characterized religious worship in America, or to other causes, the fact remains that European Jews take their religion far more seriously than we do.

My wife and I attended divine service whenever and wherever possible, and always we found the synagogues crowded to capacity. It was beautiful and inspiring to witness the forms and ceremonials that recalled my boyhood days in the old "Böhmische Shul" in Cleveland. When, at the conclusion of the service in the Paris synagogue, I saw the children approach the altar to receive the Sabbath blessing, administered with the laying on of hands, I could not help wondering whether "we moderns" have not missed something of sweetness and holiness. No sermons on modern books or plays, no philippics against corrupt politicians are needed to attract worshippers to the synagogue in Europe. Indeed, sermons are a rarity. The age-old faith and its exemplification are the only lodestones.

* * *

THE casual tourist will detect no outward evidences of anti-Semitism in Europe, first, because he does not usually look for them, and secondly, because anti-Semitism does not manifest itself there in the forms familiar to us. Nowhere in Europe did I find, for example, that Jews are unwelcome guests in any hotels, that they are excluded from summer resorts, or that they are prevented from owning property in certain restricted sections. Social anti-Semitism is non-existent. Jewish doctors and scholars of eminence may be ineligible to membership in the university faculties, but socially they are welcomed by their non-Jewish colleagues.

Unhappily, the "numerus clausus" is still enforced in some European universities, and I am satisfied that the restriction is based upon the very causes which impel some of our American universities to limit the enrollment of Jewish students. As was charged in the recent Harvard controversy, the Jews are too intent upon intellectual pursuits and they are awarded an undue proportion of prizes and scholarships.

It is in the fields of commerce and of politics, however, that the most venomous anti-Jewish feeling is displayed. Efforts to boycott Jewish tradesmen and to inflame the electorate against Jewish office-holders are everywhere in evidence, except in France, Italy, England and Switzerland. In these countries I saw absolutely no manifestations of anti-Jewish feeling.

In Budapest, it became necessary to call upon the police reserves during the funeral of William Vaszonyi, the greatest Jewish statesman of his generation, because of fear of an anti-Jewish demonstration, and this, notwithstanding the fact that his colleagues in the House of Parliament, and the Archbishop of Hungary paid reverent homage at his bier. Horthy, the dictator, was significantly absent from the obsequies.

In Munich, Bavaria, where only a generation ago the "Ober Chazan" of the "Gemeinde" was requested by the Minister of Public Instruction to assume charge of musical instruction in the University, the monster of anti-Semitism rears its ugly head perhaps more dangerously than elsewhere. For there, in the home of Ludendorff and Hitler, our brethren have learned to become meek, submissive and afraid, and it is not strange that Munich with a population of 750,000 counts only 8,000 Jews.

In Czechoslovakia, where President Masaryk is idolized for his democracy and liberalism, by Jew and non-Jew alike, and where there is no "official" anti-Semitism, the Jews are nevertheless the victims of an under-current of secret animosity which manifests itself in various and devious ways. There they have always been the merchant class, and it is inevitable that under a socialist regime, the Jews should be the sufferers.

In the eastern part of Czechoslovakia, formerly a Hungarian province, I came upon evidences of almost incredible poverty. I found Jews who were formerly in affluent circumstances but who lost everything in the political upheaval brought about by the partition of Hungary, living in hovels unfit for human habitation. I found entire families occupying a single basement room, to which the door furnished the only access for light and ventilation. I found property owners compelled, because of the law prohibiting increase in rentals, to mortgage their homes for revenue sufficient to enable them to pay taxes. And everywhere I found everybody eager to come to America.

* * *

B'NAI B'RITH in Europe, with the necessarily limited funds at its command, is performing a great and noble task. The spirit of fraternity is undeniably more highly developed among the European members of the fraternity than among American members. And membership in the Order there means far more than it does here. It is a badge of distinction, an honor sought after and not indiscriminately bestowed. The meetings of European Lodges are conducted upon a high plane. The personnel of the membership compares favorably with that of a learned society. And yet I am not altogether persuaded that B'nai B'rith in Europe are not in error when they demand of a candidate that he must have achieved distinction in his chosen business or profession before he can seek admission to the Order. After all, is not the American viewpoint the more humane and the more purposeful, declaring, as it does, that any Jew, worthy of his heritage and willing to serve and to sacrifice for his people, should be deemed eligible as a co-worker in the cause of his people?

* * *

AND finally, I might observe, that a sojourn in Europe makes one a better Jew and a better American? A better Jew, because one learns that in truth and in fact "Kol Yisroel Chaverim" and that the cause of the Jew in Bavaria or in Poland is likewise the cause of the Jew in America; and a better American, because one learns to appreciate as never before the privileges of a government which is free from the taint of racial animosities, of religious discrimination, and of political antagonisms.

It Wasn't Succoth

MR. PINCHAS bought a watch at Grossman's store. A day later the watch stopped and Mr. Pinchas brought it back. Grossman put the watch to his ear, shook it, and returned it saying: "Now it's going."

After a few days Pinchas came back again.

"This watch won't go," he complained.

A second time the merchant shook it, listening to it until it began to tick.

"Here it goes," he said giving it to Pinchas.

"I want a watch and not a lulov," Pinchas answered.

The Last Laugh

A MAIL order house was selling razors at fifty cents each.

They received a letter that read:

"Please send me a razor for which I enclose fifty cents.

"P. S.—I forgot to enclose the fifty cents, but no doubt a firm of your standing will send the razor anyway."

The firm replied:

"We beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed order and take pleasure in sending the razor, which we trust you will enjoy.

"P. S.—We have forgotten to enclose the razor, but no doubt a fellow with your cheek doesn't need one."

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

"WHEN I was a child," said a Jewish shoemaker, "my father wanted me to be a tailor. I'm glad he didn't have his way. I should have starved to death."

"How do you know that?" his friend asked.

"Because in all the twenty years that I have been repairing shoes on this corner, not one person has asked me to make him a suit of clothes."

Masel Tov

MORDKE, the beggar, met Zelig, a beggar from a larger city.

"Why are you begging here? What's the matter with your other post?" Mordke asked.

"I gave that to my son for a wedding present," Zelig replied.

WE feel the readers of this magazine are compiling on this page from month to month what in time will be a compendium of Jewish humor.

Some five years hence there will have accumulated, through the medium of this page, enough Jewish humor to make a book. Then, perhaps, we may collect all the good stories that have been contributed by the readers and put them in book form to be presented to the members as a gift.

But that's in the future.

For the best contributions of jokes to each issue we are giving books, and those to whom books will be sent this month are:

Benjamin L. Farbstein, 814 Locust-st., St. Joseph, Mo.

Louis Fuller, 860 Arguello Blvd., San Francisco.

Herman Feldman, 1001 Carroll-st., Saginaw, Mich.

We have good books for the best contributions to the Humoresque page in the December number. Send your contributions to THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, *40 Electric Building, Cincinnati.*

Method in His Madness

A SOLDIER in an American camp during the early days of the war, was seen day after day, almost constantly walking through the company streets, picking up particles of paper and inspecting them.

"That isn't it. No. That isn't it," he would say as he looked at each scrap of paper.

Finally the story of the man's strange behavior was brought to the commander. After verifying the story, the commander concluded that the soldier was demented and handed him his discharge paper.

The soldier read the paper and said, "Yes, that's it."

Otherwise She's Perfect

AFTER the wedding, the *chosen's* best friend came to him as he was standing beside his bride, and whispered:

"I don't know what you could have seen in that woman except her money. It seems to me that she has cross-eyes and is a little bit hunchbacked."

"It's all right. You don't need to whisper," the bridegroom answered. "She's deaf, too."

Fifty-Fifty

IN Russia, where it frequently happens that a man does not see much of the girl with whom he is matched, a *chosen* sent his *kallah* an ardent love letter and in response received a lock of hair.

After the wedding, the bridegroom said to his wife:

"You sent me this lock of hair, but now I see it is not from your head."

"Neither was the letter you sent me, so now we are even," his wife answered.

Smart Fish for Its Age

SHMUEL was a guest at dinner. Fish was served and Shmuel received the smallest. He startled his host by murmuring something and inclining his ear close to the fish.

"What are you doing?" the host inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you," Shmuel answered. "Three years ago my brother was drowned and we were never able to find his body. So I asked this fish if he could tell me where the body could be found, but he answered: 'I am too young and small. You must ask some bigger fish.'"

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FRIGIDAIRE offers more value for the price than any other electric refrigerator. For example, Model M-5-2, illustrated at the right, has over five cubic feet of food storage capacity. The cooling mechanism has sufficient extra capacity to freeze ice quickly on the hottest of days.

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Then the duck dinner—the magic touch of the inspired hostess—the glow and sparkle of fine glassware. What a tumult of joy duck days bring!

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Recipe for

Long Island Duckling, Bigarade

By ANTHONY GIACOFCI, Chef
The New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C.

Take one five-pound duckling and prepare for roasting. Roast for forty minutes in quick oven, baste well while cooking.

When done, take from oven and cut in ten pieces, six from breast and two from each leg.

Add a spoonful of currant jelly to a pint of brown sauce from duckling. Cut julienne the rind of two oranges and one lemon. Partly boil in sauce; then add juice of one orange.

Put sauce over duckling and boil in saucepan fifteen minutes. Serve in platter decorated with quarter oranges.

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Spanish Design

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The superb French Renaissance model shown above, is after the style of Jean Goujon who helped to introduce the ideals of the Italian Renaissance into France (1515-1547). His work was characterized by the gorgeousness and excellence of the carving.

Jacobean Design

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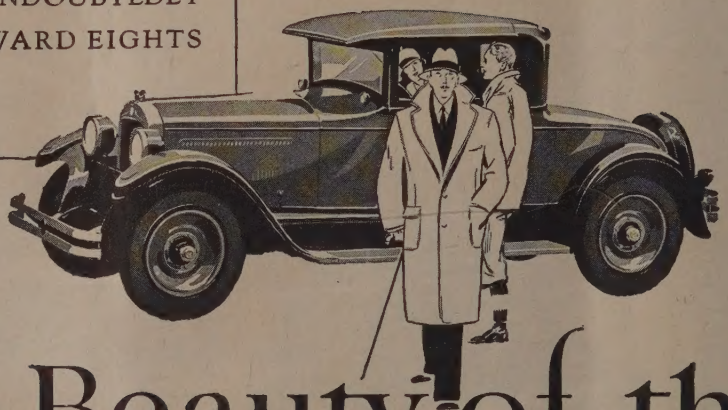

The Beauty of the Hupmobile Eight

Beauty in an automobile is the result of the harmony of line and grace of contour which have their real source in intrinsically good design and sound structure.

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Hupmobile Eight handles beautifully—responding unresistingly to your guidance. It seems to follow the road of its own accord, so slight is your consciousness of steering it.

And it glides away to the fastest start and the smoothest pick-up you have ever enjoyed, with not the slightest sense of labor.

Its capacity for sustained speed and comfort rivals the most luxurious limited trains.

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Yet these ultra-modern delights of motor travel are obtained—not at the price of wasteful operation, but with a surprising economy.

Fundamentally all these unusual performance characteristics; its gliding ease; its smooth, vibrationless pick-up; its perfect balance; the cradling ease of its travel; its economy—all these are attributes of beauty—the beauty of mechanical harmony.

The next Hupmobile Eight you see, watch it for a moment—notice the symmetry of its beauty—the poetry of its motion. Ride in the Hupmobile Eight, and you'll want it for what it alone can give you.

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